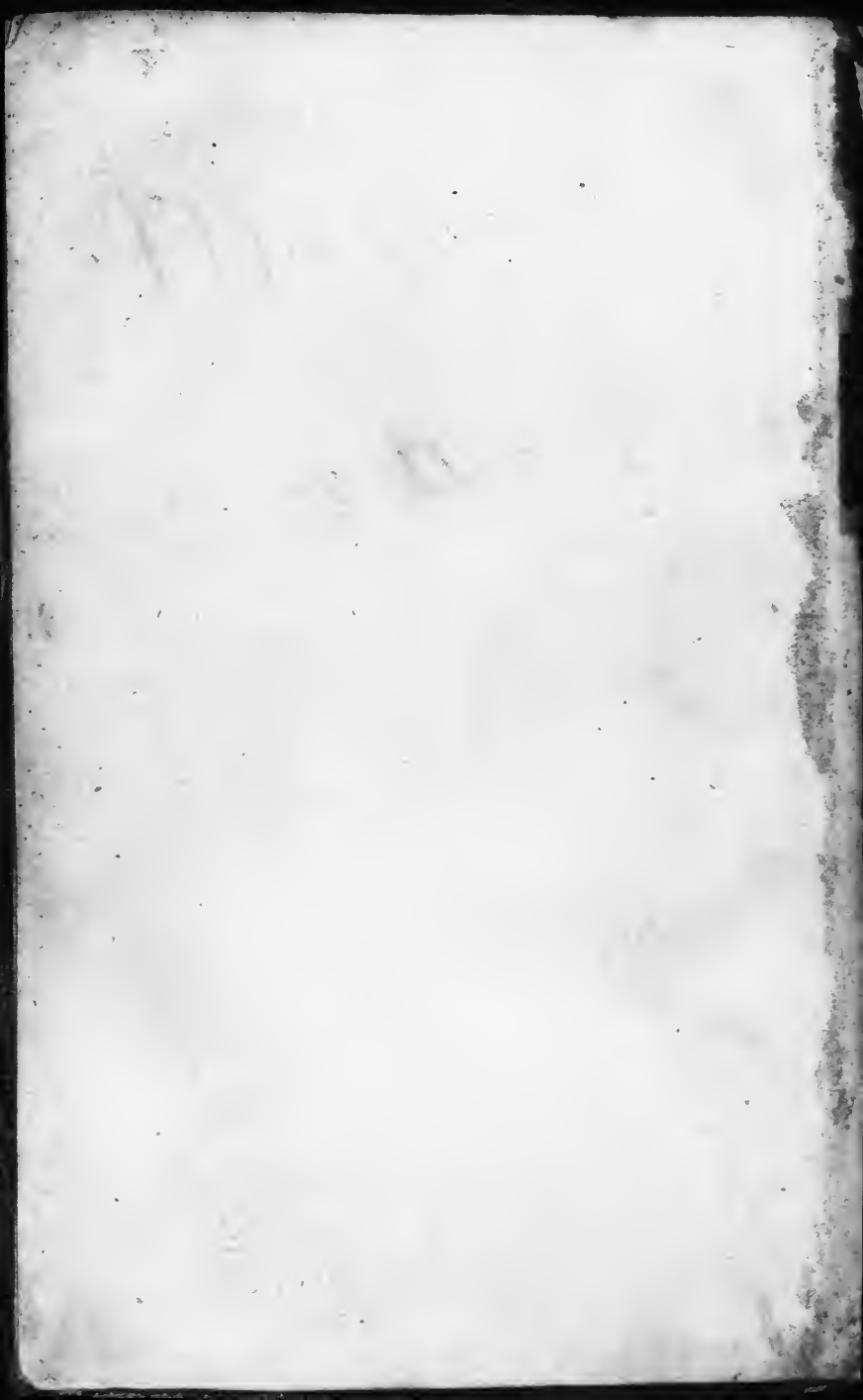






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A POCKET
HYMN BOOK,

FOR THE USE OF
CHRISTIANS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS.

BY THE
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POCKET HYMN BOOK.

HYMN 1. [Wenvo. C.M.*

- 1 **M**Y God, my God, to thee I cry;
Thee only wou'd I know:
Thy purifying blood apply,
And wash me white as snow
- 2 Touch me, and make the leper clean,
Purge my iniquity;
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,
I have no part in thee.
- 3 But art thou not already mine?
Answer, if mine thou art:
Whisper within, thou Love divine,
And cheer my drooping heart.
- 4 Tell me again, my peace is made,
And bid the sinner live:
The debt's discharg'd, the ransom's paid,
My Father must forgive.
- 5 Behold for me the Victim bleeds,
His wounds are open'd wide;
For me the Blood of Sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified.

- 6 Thy wrath is in a moment o'er,
And pardoning love takes place !
Assist me, Saviour, to adore
The riches of thy grace.
- 7 O cou'd I lose myself in thee,
The depth of mercy proye,
Thou vast unfathomable sea,
Of unexhausted love !
- 8 My humbled soul, when thou art near,
In dust and ashes lies ;
How shall a sinful worm appear,
Or meet thy purer eyes ?
- 9 I loathe myself when God I see,
And into nothing fall ;
Content, if thou exalted be,
And Christ be all in all.

HYMN II. [*Hotham* All 7's.*]

- 1 **J**ESU, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high ;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past :
Safe into the haven guide :
O receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me :
All my trust on thee is stay'd ;
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Wilt thou not regard my call ?

Wilt thou not accept my prayer ?

Lo ! I sink, I faint, I fall,

Lo ! on thee I cast my care :

Reach me out thy gracious hand !

While I of thy strength receive,

Hoping against hope I stand,

Dying; and behold I live !

4 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,

More than all in thee I find :

Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,

Heal the sick, and lead the blind :

Just, and holy, is thy Name ;

I am all unrighteousness ;

False, and full of sin, I am,

Thou art full of truth and grace.

5 Plenteous grace with thee is found,

Grace to cover all my sin :

Let the healing streams abound :

Make and keep me pure within ;

Thou of life the fountain art,

Freely let me take of Thee,

Spring thou up within my heart,

Rise to all eternity !

HYMN III. [*Lampe's. S. M.**]

1 **A**H when shall I awake

From sin's soft-soothing power !

This slumber from my spirit shake,

And rise to fall no more ?

Awake no more to sleep,

But stand with constant care,

Looking for God my soul to keep,

And watching unto prayer ?

- 2 Oh ! cou'd I always pray,
And never, never faint ;
But simply to my God display,
My every care and want !
I know that thou wou'dst give
More than I can request,
Thou still art ready to receive
My soul to perfect rest.
- 3 At Jesu's feet I'll lie,
And cast on him my care,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry,
And pour a ceaseless prayer ;
'Till thou my sins subdue,
'Till thou my sins destroy ;
My spirit after God renew,
And fill with peace and joy.
- 4 Messiah, Prince of Peace,
Into my soul bring in
The everlasting righteousness,
And make an end of sin.
Into all those that seek
Redemption thro' thy blood,
The sanctifying Spirit speak,
The plenitude of God.
- 5 Let us in patience wait,
'Till faith shall make us whole,
'Till thou shalt all things new create,
In each believing soul.
Who can resist thy will ?
Speak, and it shall be done !
Thou shalt the work of faith fulfil,
And perfect us in one.

INTRODUCTORY HYMNS.

§ 1. *Exhorting and beseeching Sinners
to return to God.*

HYMN 1. [*Leed's-Tune. C.M.*]

- 1 **O** For a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread thro' all the earth abroad
The honours of thy name.
- 3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the prisoner free!
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.
- 5 Hear him, ye deaf: his praise, ye dumb,
Your loos'd tongues employ:
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy!
- 6 Look unto him, ye nations: Own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be sav'd thro' faith alone
Be justified by grace.

8 *Exhorting und Beseeking* L. M.

- 7 See all your sins on Jesus laid ;
The Lamb of God was slain ;
His soul was once an offering made,
For every soul of man.
- 8 Awake from guilty nature's sleep,
And Christ shall give you light :
Cast all your sins into the deep,
And wash the Æthiop white.
- 9 With me, your chief, ye then shall know,
Shall feel your sins forgiven ;
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

HYMN 2. [*Invitation.* L. M.

- 1 **C**OME, sinners, to the Gospel-feast ;
Let every soul be Jesu's guest ;
Ye need not one be left behind :
For God hath bidden all mankind.
- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call ;
The invitation is to all ;
Come, all the world ! Come, sinner, thou,
All things in Christ are ready now.
- 3 Come, all ye souls by sin opprest,
Ye restless wanderers after rest ;
Ye poor, and maim'd, ye halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 Come, and partake the Gospel-feast,
Be sav'd from sin : In Jesus rest :
O taste the goodness of your God,
And eat his flesh, and drink his blood.
- 5 Ye vagrant souls, on you I call !
(O that my voice cou'd reach you all ;)

- All may be freely justified ;
 Ye all may live : For Christ hath died ,
- 6 My message as from God receive :
 Ye all may come to Christ, and live ;
 O let his love your hearts constrain,
 Nor suffer him to die in vain !
- 7 His love is mighty to compel :
 His conquering love consent to feel :
 Yield to his love's resistless power ;
 And fight against your God no more.
- 8 See him set forth before your eyes,
 That precious, bleeding sacrifice ;
 His offer'd benefits embrace ;
 And freely now be sav'd by grace !
- 9 This is the time ; no more delay !
 This is your acceptable day ;
 Come in, this moment at his call,
 And live for him, who died for all !

HYMN 3. [*Tallis. All 10's.*]

- 1 **O** All that pass by, To Jesus draw near,
 He utters a cry : Ye sinners give ear !
 From hell to retrieve you, He spreads out
 his hands, [stands.
 Now, now to receive you, He graciously
- 2 If any man thirst, And happy wou'd he,
 The vilest and worst may come unto me :
 May drink of my Spirit, (Excepted is none,)
 Lay claim to my merit, And take for his own.
- 3 Whoever receives The life-giving word,
 In Jesus believes, His God and his Lord,
 In him a pure river Of life shall arise,
 Shall in the believer Spring up to the skies

10 *Exhorting and Beseeching* I. § 1.

4 My God and my Lord ! thy call I obey :
My soul on thy word Of promise I stay :
Thy kind invitation I gladly embrace :
A thirst for salvation, Salvation by grace.

5 O hasten the hour ! Send down from above
The Spirit of power, Of health, and of love ;
Of filial fear, of knowledge and grace ;
Of wisdom and prayer, Of joy and of praise.

6 The Spirit of faith, Of faith in thy blood,
Which saves us from wrath, And brings us
to God ;

[sin,
Removes the huge mountain Of indwelling
And opens a fountain, That washes us clean.

HYMN 4. [*Invitation.* L. M.

HO ! every one that thirsts, draw nigh ;
('Tis God invites the fallen race ;)

Mercy and free salvation buy ;

Buy wine, and milk, and gospel-grace.

Come to the living waters, come ;

Sinners, obey your Maker's call ;

Return, ye weary wanderers, home,

And find my grace is free for all.

3 See, from the Rock a fountain rise !

For you in healing streams it rolls :

Money ye need not bring, nor price,

Ye labouring, burthen'd, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give,

Leave all you have, and are, behind :

Frankly the gift of God receive,

Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

5 Why seek ye that which is not bread,

Nor can your hungry souls sustain ?

On ashes, husks, and air ye feed,
Ye spend your little all in vain.

6 In search of empty joys below,
Ye toil with unavailing strife :
Whither, ah ! whither wou'd ye go !
I have the words of endless life.

7 Harken to me, with earnest care,
And freely eat substantial food !
The sweetness of my mercy share,
And taste that I alone am good.

8 I bid you all my goodness prove,
My promises for all are free :
Come, taste the manna of my love,
And let your souls delight in me.

9 Your willing ear and heart incline,
My words believingly receive :
Quicken'd your souls by faith divine,
An everlasting life shall live.

HYMN 5. [*Tallis. All 10's.*]

THY faithfulness, Lord, Each moment
we find,

So true to thy word, So loving and kind ;
Thy mercy so tender To all the lost race
The foulest offender May turn and find grace.

2 The mercy I feel, To others I shew :
I set to my seal, That Jesus is true :
Ye all may find favour, who come at his call :
O come to my Saviour ; His grace is for all.

To save what was lost, From heaven he came,
Come sinner, and trust in Jesus's name !
He offers you pardon, He bids you be free !
If sin be your burden, " O come unto me !"

12 *Exhorting and Beseeking* I. § 1.

- 4 O let me commend my Saviour to you :
The publican's Friend And Advocate too :
For you he is pleading His merits and death,
With God interceding, For sinners beneath.
- 5 Then let us submit His grace to receive ;
Fall down at his feet, And gladly believe :
All may be forgiven, For Jesus's sake :
Our title to heaven His merits we take.

HYMN 6. [Foundery. All 7's.

- 1 **SINNERS**, turn, why will you die !

God, your Maker, asks you why ?
God who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live :
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die ?

- 2 Sinners, turn, why will you die ?

God, your Saviour, asks you why ?
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that you might live.
Will ye let him die in vain ?

Crucify your Lord again ?

Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die ?

- 3 Sinners, turn, why will you die ?

God, the Spirit, asks you why ?
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love.

Will ye not his grace receive ?

Will ye still refuse to live ?

Why, ye long sought sinners, Why
Will you grieve your God, and die ?

- 4 Dead, already dead within,
 Spiritually dead in sin,
 Dead to God, while here ye breathe,
 Pant ye after second death?
 Will ye still in sin remain,
 Greedy of eternal pain?
 O ye dying sinners, why,
 Why will you for ever die? [Ez. xviii. 3.]

HYMN 7. *[Invitation. L. M.]*

- 1 **S**INNERS, obey the gospel-word!
 Haste to the supper of my Lord;
 Be wise to know your gracious day,
 All things are ready; come away!
- 2 Ready the Father is to own,
 And kiss his late returning son:
 Ready your loving Saviour stands,
 And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love
 Just now the stony to remove,
 T' apply, and witness with the blood,
 And wash and seal the sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,
 To triumph in your blest estate;
 Tuning their harps they long to praise
 The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
 Is ready with their shining host:
 All heaven is ready to resound,
 "The dead's alive! The lost is found!"

Part the Second.

- 1 **C**OME then, ye sinners, to your Lord,
 In Christ to paradise restor'd,

14 *Pleasantness of Religion.* I. § 2.

His proffer'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of Gospel-grace.

2 A pardon written with his blood,
The favour and the peace of God;
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence:

3 The godly fear, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart!
The tears that tell your sins forgiven!
The sighs that waft your souls to heaven:

4 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
Th' unutterable tenderness:
The genuine, meek humility;
The wonder, "Why such love to me!"

5 Th' o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face:
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.

{2 I. *Describing the Pleasantness of Religion.*

HYMN 8. [Brentford. S. M.]

1 COME ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known:
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround the Throne.
Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God:
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;

I. § 2. *Pleasantness of Religion.* 15

This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love :
He will send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.

3 There we shall see his Face,
And never, never sin:
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.
Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Shou'd constant joys create.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below :
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow :
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry :
We are marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN 9. [Leeds. C. M.

1 **M**Y God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

2 In darkest shades if thou appear,
My dawning is begun :
Thou art my soul's bright morning-star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shews his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

16 *Pleasantness of Religion.* I. § 2.

4 My soul wou'd leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break thro' every foe ;
The wings of love and arms of faith,
Wou'd bear me conqueror thro'.

HYMN 10. [Arne. All 7's.

1 **H**APPY soul, that free from harms,
Rests within his Shepherd's arms !
Who his quiet shall molest ?
Who shall violate his rest ?
Jesus doth his spirit bear,
Jesus takes his every care :
He who found the wand'ring sheep,
Jesus still delights to keep.

2 O that I might so believe,
Steadfastly to Jesus cleave :
On his only love rely,
Smile at the destroyer nigh !
Free from sin and servile fear,
Have my Jesus ever near :
All his care rejoice to prove,
All his paradise of love !

3 Jesu, seek thy wand'ring sheep :
Bring me back, and lead, and keep ;
Take on thee my every care ;
Bear me, on thy bosom bear.
Let me know my Shepherd's voice,
More and more in thee rejoice ;
More and more of thee receive ;
Ever in thy Spirit live.

I. § 2. *Pleasantness of Religion.* 17

- 4 Live, till all thy life I know,
Perfect thro' my Lord below,
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gather'd to the fold above!
O that I at last may stand
With the sheep at thy right-hand;
Take the crown so freely given;
Enter in by thee to heaven.

HYMN 11. [Hemming's. L. M.

- 1 **H**APPY the man, who finds the grace,
The blessings of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.
- 2 Happy beyond description he,
Who knows, "the Saviour died for me!"
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.
- 3 Wisdom divine! Who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compar'd to her.
- 4 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise:
Riches of Christ, on all bestow'd,
And honour that descends from God.
- 5 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.
- 6 Happy the man, who wisdom gains,
Thrice happy who his guest retains,

18 *Pleasantness of Religion.* I. § 2.

He owns, and shall for ever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and Heaven are one.

HYMN 12. [*Cornish.* C. M.

- 1 **H**APPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
And sav'd by grace alone:
Walking in all his ways they find
Their heaven on earth begun.
- 2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Thy mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.
- 3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne!
We in the kingdom of thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The holy to the holiest leads;
From thence our spirits rise:
And he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

HYMN 13. [*Amsterdam.* 7's & 8's

- 1 **M**AKER, Saviour of mankind,
Who hast on me bestow'd
An immortal soul, design'd
To be the house of God;
Come, and now reside in me,
Never, never to remove;
Make me just and good like thee,
And full of power and love!
- 2 Bid me in thy image rise,
A saint, a creature new:
True, and merciful, and wise,
And pure and happy too.

I. § 2. *Pleasantness of Religion.* 19

This thy primitive design,
That I should in thee be blest:
Shou'd within the arms divine,
For ever, ever rest.

3 Let thy will by me be done,
Fulfil my heart's desire,
Thee to know, and love alone,
And rise in raptures higher;
Thee, descending on a cloud,
When with ravish'd eyes I see,
Then shall I be fill'd with God,
To all eternity.

HYMN 14. [*Triumph.* All 10's.

REJOICE evermore, With angels above,
In Jesus's power, in Jesus's love;
With glad exultation Your triumph proclaim,
Ascribing salvation To God and the Lamb.

2 Thou, Lord, our relief In trouble hast been,
Hast sav'd us from grief, Hast sav'd us from sin
The power of thy Spirit has set our hearts free,
And now we inherit All fulness in Thee.

3 All fulness of peace, All fulness of joy,
And spiritual bliss, That never shall cloy:
To us it is given, In Jesus to know,
A kingdom of heaven, A heaven below.

4 No longer we join while sinners invite,
Nor envy the swine Their brutish delight;
Their joy is all sadness, Their mirth is all
vain,
Their laughter is madness, Their pleasure
is pain!

20 *Pleasantness of Religion.* I. § 2.

5 O might they at last With sorrow return,
The pleasures to taste, For which they were
born;

Our Jesus receiving, Our happiness prove,
The joy of believing, The heaven of love.

HYMN 15. [*Wenvo.* C. M.]

1 **H**OW vain are all things here below !
How false, and yet how fair !

Each pleasure has its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light :

We shou'd suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,

How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God !

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense !

Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food :

And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

HYMN 16. [*Dedication.* 6-7's.]

1 **W**EARY souls, that wander wide
From the central point of bliss,

Turn to Jesus crucified,

Flee to those dear wounds of his :

Sink into the purple flood ;

Rise into the life God.

2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
 Peace unspeakable, unknown :
 By his pain he gives you ease,
 Life by his expiring groan :
 Rise exalted by his fall,
 Find in Christ your all in all.

3 O believe the record true,
 God to you his Son hath given !
 Ye may now be happy too ;
 Find on earth the life of heaven :
 Live the life of heaven above,
 All the life of glorious love.

4 This the universal bliss,
 Bliss for every soul design'd ;
 God's original promise this,
 God's great gift to all mankind :
 Blest in Christ this moment be !
 Blest to all eternity !

2. *Describing the Goodness of God.*

HYMN 17. [Fetter-Lane. C. M.]

1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour of Mankind,
 Nail'd to the shameful tree !
 How vast the love that him inclin'd
 To bleed and die for thee !

2 Hark, how he groans ! while nature shakes,
 And earth's strong pillars bend !
 The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
 The solid marbles rend.

3 " 'Tis done ; the precious ransom's paid,
 " Receive my soul," he cries !

See where he bows his sacred head !

He bows his head and dies.

4 But soon he'll break Death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine :

O Lamb of God ! was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine !

HYMN 18. [Evesham. L. Ms

1 **O**F him who did salvation bring,
I cou'd for ever think and sing :
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive :
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo ! 'tis given !
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven !
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesu, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins he blush'd in blood ;
He clos'd his eyes to shew us God :
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love cou'd show.

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears, and make my moan :
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to the spring I fly ;
I drink and yet am ever dry ;
Ah ! who against thy charms is proof ?
Ah ! who that loves can love enough ?

HYMN 19. [Irene. 2-6's & 4-7's.

1 **S**AVIOUR, the world's and mine,
Was ever grief like thine !
Thou my pain, my curse hast took,
All my sins were laid on thee ;

Help me, Lord, to thee I look :
Draw me, Saviour, after thee.

2 To love is all my wish,
I only live for this:
Grant me, Lord, my heart's desire,
There by faith for ever dwell :
This I always will require,
Thee, and only thee to feel :

3 Thy power I pant to prove,
Rooted and fix'd in love;
Strengthen'd by thy Spirit's might,
Wise to fathom things divine,
What the length, and breadth, and height,
What the depth of love like thine.

4 Ah! give me this to know,
With all thy saints below :
Swells my soul to compass thee,
Gasps in thee to live and move;
Fill'd with all the Deity,
All immers'd and lost in love!

HYMN 20. [*Welsh.* 6-8's.]

1 **O** Love divine! what hast thou done!
Th' immortal God hath died for me!
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree:
Th' immortal God for me hath died!
My Lord, my Love, is crucify'd.

2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of Life and Peace!
Come, see, ye worms, your Maker die,
And say,—Was ever grief like his!
Come, feel with me his blood apply'd:
My Lord, my Love is crucify'd.

3 Is crucified for me and you,
 To bring us rebels back to God;
 Believe, believe the record true,
 Ye all are bought with Jesu's blood;
 Pardon and life flow from his side;
 My Lord, my Love is crucify'd.

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
 And gladly catch the healing stream;
 All things for him account but loss,
 And give up all our hearts to him:
 Of nothing think, or speak beside,
 My Lord, my Love is crucify'd.

HYMN 21. [Passion.]

I **O** GOD of all grace,
 Thy goodness we praise,
 Thy Son thou hast given to die in our place:
 With joy we approve
 The design of thy love,
 'Tis a wonder on earth, and a wonder above.

2 Tongue cannot explain
 The love of God-man,
 Which angels desire to look into in vain:
 It dazzles our eyes,
 Thought cannot arise,
 To find out a cause why the Infinite dies.

3 Or, if pity inclin'd
 Him to die for mankind,
 The ground of his pity what seraph can find?
 He comes from above,
 Our curse to remove;
 He hath lov'd, he hath lov'd us, because he
 wou'd love.

4 Love mov'd him to die,
And on this we rely, [tell why:
He hath lov'd, he hath lov'd us, we cannot
But this we can tell,
He hath lov'd us so well, [hell.
As to lay down his life to redeem us from

5 He hath ransom'd our race:
O how shall we praise,
Or worthily sing thy unspeakable grace!
Nothing else will we know,
In our journey below,
But singing thy grace, to thy paradise go.

6 Nay, and when we remove
To the mansions above,
Our heaven shall still be to sing of thy love.
When time is no more,
We still shall adore
The Ocean of Love, without bottom or shore.

7 Ere long we shall fly,
To the regions on high,
For Israel's strength cannot vary or lie:
He soon shall appear,
He more than draws near,
Our Jesus is come, and eternity's here.

HYMN 22. [*Miss Edwin's. 4-6's & 2-8's.*]

1 **L**ET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind;
T'adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesu's Name.

2 Jesus, transporting sound !
The joy of earth and heaven ;
No other help is found ;
No other Name is given ;
By which we can salvation have :
For Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus, harmonious Name !
It charms the host above ;
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love ;
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
'Tis heaven to see our Jesu's face.

4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free :
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory :
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

5 Stung by the scorpion sin,
My poor expiring soul
The balmy sound drinks in,
And is at once made whole ;
See there, my Lord upon the tree !
I hear, I feel, he died for me.

6 O unexampled love !
O all-redeeming grace !
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race ;
What shall I do to make it known,
What thou for all mankind hast done !

7 O for a trumpet's voice,
On all the world to call !

To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all!

For all my Lord was crucified,
For all, for all my Saviour died!

8 To serve thy blessed will,
Thy dying love to praise,
Thy counsel to fulfil,
And minister thy grace,
Freely what I receive to give,
The life of heaven on earth I live.

HYMN 23.

[*Mitcham.* C. M.]

1 **J**ESUS, thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore,
Open the door to preach thy word,
The great, effectual door.

2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin and Satan's power!
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.

3 Lover of souls! thou know'st to prize
What thou hast bought so dear;
Come, then, and in thy people's eyes,
With all thy wounds appear!

4 Appear, as when of old confest
The suffering Son of God;
And let us see thee in thy vest
But newly dipt in blood.

5 The hardness from our hearts remove,
Thou, who for all hast died;
Shew us the tokens of thy love,
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.

- 2 Jesus, transporting sound !
The joy of earth and heaven ;
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- 5 The hardness from our hearts remove,
Thou, who for all hast died;
Shew us the tokens of thy love,
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.

28 *Goodness of God.* I. § 2.

- 6 Thy feet were nail'd to yonder tree,
 To trample down our sin;
 Thy hands stretch'd out we all may see,
 To take thy murderers in.
- 7 Thy side an open fountain is,
 Where all may freely go,
 And drink the living streams of bliss,
 And wash them white as snow.
- 8 Ready thou art the blood t' apply,
 And prove the record true:
 And all thy wounds to sinners cry,
 " I suffered this for you ! "

HYMN 24. [*St. Paul's. C. M.*

- 1 **L**OVERS of pleasure more than God,
 For you he suffered pain:
 Swearers, for you he spilt his blood,
 And shall he bleed in vain ?
- 2 Misers, his life for you he paid,
 Your basest crimes he bore:
 Drunkards, your sins on him were laid,
 That you might sin no more.
- 3 The God of Love to earth he came,
 That ye might come to heaven;
 Believe, believe in Jēsu's Name,
 And all your sins forgiven.
- 4 Believe in him that died for thee;
 And sure as he hath died,
 Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
 And thou art justified.

HYMN 25. [*Passion.*

- 1 **A**H tell me no more
 Of this world's vain store,
 The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;

A country I've found
 Where true joys abound, [ground.
 To dwell I'm determin'd in that happy
 2 The souls that believe,
 In paradise live,
 And me in that number will Jesus receive.
 My soul don't delay,
 He calls thee away, [glad day.
 Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the
 3 No mortal doth know,
 What he can bestow, [him, go;
 What light, strength, & comfort: go after
 Lo, onward I move,
 To a country above, [will prove.
 None guesses how wond'rous my journey
 4 Great spoils I shall win,
 From death, hell, and sin, [within.
 'Midst outward affliction shall feel Christ
 And when I'm to die,
 Receive me, I'll cry,
 For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why.

HYMN 26. [Leeds. C. M.

1 **J**ESUS, the Name high over all,
 In hell, or earth, or sky!
 Angels and men before it fall,
 And devils fear and fly.
 2 Jesus, the Name to sinners dear,
 The name to sinners given!
 It scatters all their guilty fear;
 It turns their hell to heaven.
 3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
 And bruises Satan's head;

Power into helpless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!

The arms of love that compass me,
Wou'd all mankind embrace.

5 O that my Jesu's heavenly charms
Might every bosom move!

Fly, sinners, fly into those arms
Of everlasting love.

6 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:

'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

7 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his Name!

Preach him to all, and cry in death,
Behold! behold the Lamb!

3. *Describing Death.*

HYMN. 27.

[*Birstal.* C. M.

1 O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell secure,
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.
- 5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.
- 6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away:
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 7 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come:
Be thou our guide while life shall last,
And our perpetual home.

HYMN 28. [Birstal. C. M.]

- 1 **T**HEE, we adore, eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be!
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase;
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,
To push us to the tomb,

Power into helpless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.

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As days and months increase;
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,
To push us to the tomb,

And fierce diseases wait around
To hurry mortals home.

5 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings!

6 Infinite joy or endless woe
Attend on every breath!
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road!
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

HYMN 29. [Fetter-Lane. C. M.]

1 **W**HEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I view my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear!

2 If yet while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought!
My soul with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought!

3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe;
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear!

4 O may my broken, contrite heart
Timely my sins lament;
And early with repentant tears,
Eternal woe prevent!

5 Behold the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late :
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

6 For never shall my soul despair,
Her pardon to secure,
Who knows thy only Son hath died,
To make that pardon sure.

HYMN 30. [Lampe's. S. M.]

1 **A**ND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?
A land of deepest shade,
Unpierc'd by human thought!

The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot!

2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?

Eternal happiness or woe

Must then my portion be:
Wak'd by the trumpet's sound

I from my grave shall rise,
And see the Judge with glory crown'd,
And see the flaming skies!

3 How shall I leave my tomb?
With triumph or regret?

A fearful or a joyful doom,

A curse, or blessing meet:

Will angel-hands convey

Their brother to the bar?

Or devils drag my soul away

To meet its sentence there?

- 4 Who can resolve the doubt,
That tears my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the damn'd cast out?
Or number'd with the blest?
I must from God be driv'n,
Or with my Saviour dwell!
Must come at his command to heav'n,
Or else—depart to hell.
- 5 O thou that wou'dst not have
One wretched sinner die;
Who didst thyself my soul to save
From endless misery!
Shew me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe,
That when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear!
- 6 Thou art thyself the Way,
Thyself in me reveal;
So shall I spend my life's short day
Obedient to thy will!
So shall I love my God,
Because he first lov'd me;
And praise thee in thy bright abode,
To all eternity.

HYMN 31. [*Snowfields.* 4-8's & 2-6's.

- 1 **A**ND am I only born to die?
And must I suddenly comply
With Nature's stern decree?
What after death for me remains?
Celestial joys or hellish pains,
To all eternity?
- 2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,

And props the house of clay?
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare
Against that fatal day!

3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone:

If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
Th' inexorable throne!

4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy:

But, Oh! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destin'd place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?

5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death,
That never, never dies!

How make my own election sure,
And, when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies!

6 Jesu, vouchsafe a pitying ray;
Be thou my guide, be thou my way
To glorious happiness!

Ah, write the pardon on my heart!
And whensoever I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace!

HYMN 32.

[*New-Year's Day.*]

1 COME, let us anew, Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year;
And never stand still, Till the Master appear.

His adorable will, Let us gladly fulfil,
 And our talents improve,
 By the patience of hope & the labour of love.

2 Our life is a dream, Our time as a stream,
 Glides swiftly away ;

And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

The arrow is flown, The moment is gone :

The millennial year

Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each in the day of his coming may say

I have fought my way through ; [to do.

I have finish'd the work thou didst give me

O that each from his Lord may receive the

“ Well and faithfully done ! [glad word,

Enter into my joy, and sit down on my
 throne.”

HYMN 33.

[*Funeral.*

1 **A** H ! lovely appearance of death !

What sight upon earth is so fair !

Not all the gay pageants that breathe

Can with a dead body compare :

With solemn delight I survey

The corpse, when the spirit is fled,

In love with the beautiful clay,

And longing to lie in its stead.

2 How blest is our brother, bereft

Of all that cou'd burthen his mind !

How easy the soul, that has left

This wearisome body behind !

Of evil incapable thou,

Whose relics with envy I see,

No longer in misery now,

No longer a sinner like me.

- 3 This earth is affected no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain :
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again :
No anger henceforward or shame
Shall redden this innocent clay ;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanish'd away.
- 4 This languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er ;
This quiet immovable breast
Is heav'd by affliction no more :
This heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.
- 5 The lids he so seldom cou'd close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Seal'd up in eternal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep !
The fountain can yield no supplies :
These hollows from water are free :
The tears are all wip'd from these eyes :
And evil they never shall see.
- 6 To mourn, and to suffer is mine,
While bound in a prison I breathe :
And still for deliverance pine,
And press to the issues of death :
What now with my tears I bedew,
O might I this moment become !
My spirit created anew,
My flesh be consign'd to the tomb.

HYMN 34. [Epworth. 8's & 7's.]

- 1 **H**APPY soul, thy days are ended :
All thy mourning days below ;
Go, by angel-guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go.
- 2 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo ! the Saviour stands above ;
Shews the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.
- 3 Struggle through thy latest passion,
To thy dear Redeemer's breast ;
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.
- 4 For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain ;
Die, to live a life of glory,
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

HYMN 35. [Triumph. All 10's.]

- 1 **T**IS finish'd, 'tis done ! The spirit is fled ;
The pris'ner is gone, the christian is dead ;
The Christian is living, Thro' Jesus's love,
And gladly receiving A kingdom above.
- 2 All honour and praise Are Jesus's due :
Supported by grace, he fought his way thro' :
Triumphantly glorious, thro' Jesus's zeal,
And more than victorious o'er sin, death,
and hell.
- 3 Then let us record The conquering name :
Our Captain and Lord with shouting pro-
claim, [head,
Who trust in his passion, And follow our
To certain salvation We all shall be led.
- 4 O Jesus ! lead on Thy militant care :
And give us the crown of righteousness there,

Where dazzled with glory the Seraphim
gaze;

Or prostrate adore thee In silence of praise.

5 Come, Lord, and display thy sign in the sky;

And bear us away To mansions on high :

The kingdom be given, The purchase divine;

And crown us in heav'n Eternally thine.

HYMN 36. [*Thou Shepherd of Israel.*

1 **R**EJOICE for a brother deceas'd,

Our loss is his infinite gain;

A soul out of prison releas'd,

And freed from its bodily chain;

With songs let us follow his flight,

And mount with his spirit above :

Escap'd to the mansions of light,

And lodg'd in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,

Out-flying the tempest and wind ;

His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,

And left his companions behind :

Still toss'd on a sea of distress,

Hard toiling to make the blest shore

Where all is assurance and peace,

And sorrow and sin are no more.

3 There all the ship's company meet,

Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath,

With shouting each other they greet,

And triumph o'er trouble and death :

The voyage of life's at an-end,

The mortal affliction is past,

The age, that in heav'n they spend,

For ever and ever shall last.

HYMN 37.

[Sion.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to Jesus on high!
 Another has enter'd his rest;
 Another has 'scap'd to the sky,
 And lodg'd in Immanuel's breast;
 The soul of our sister is gone
 To heighten the triumph above;
 Exalted to Jesus's throne,
 And clasp'd in the arms of his love.
- 2 What fulness of rapture is there,
 While Jesus his glory displays;
 And purples the heavenly air,
 And scatters the odours of grace!
 He looks—and his servants in light
 The blessing ineffable meet;
 He smiles—and they faint at the sight,
 And fall overwhelm'd at his feet.
- 3 How happy the angels that fall
 Transported at Jesus's Name:
 The saints whom he soonest shall call
 To share in the feast of the Lamb!
 No longer imprison'd in clay,
 Who next from his dungeon shall fly?
 Who first shall be summon'd away?—
 My merciful God!—Is it I?
- 4 O Jesus, if this be thy will,
 That suddenly I shou'd depart;
 Thy counsel of mercy reveal,
 And whisper the call to my heart:
 O give me a signal to know,
 If soon thou wou'dst have me remove,
 And leave the dull body below,
 And fly to the regions of love.

HYMN 38. [Hamilton's. 7's & 6's.]

- 1 **H**APPY who in Jesus live,
But happier still are they,
Who to God their spirits give,
And 'scape from earth away.
Lord, thou read'st the panting heart,
Lord, thou hear'st the praying sigh:
O 'tis better to depart,
'Tis better far to die.
- 2 Yet, if so thy will ordain
For our companions' good,
Let us in the flesh remain,
And meekly bear the load:
When we have our grief fill'd up,
When we all our work have done,
Late partakers of our hope,
And sharers of thy throne.
- 3 To thy wise and gracious will,
We quietly submit;
Waiting for redemption still,
But waiting at thy feet:
When thou wilt the blessing give,
Call us up thy face to see,
Only let thy servants live,
And let us die to thee.

HYMN 39. [Wednesbury. C. M.]

- 1 **A**ND let this feeble body fail,
And let it droop and die,
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high:
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long sought rest;

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 Who first shall be summon'd away?—
 My merciful God!—Is it I?
- 4 O Jesus, if this be thy will,
 That suddenly I shou'd depart;
 Thy counsel of mercy reveal,
 And whisper the call to my heart:
 O give me a signal to know,
 If soon thou wou'dst have me remove,
 And leave the dull body below,
 And fly to the regions of love.

HYMN 38. [*Hamilton's. 7's & 6's.*]

- 1 **H**APPY who in Jesus live,
 But happier still are they,
 Who to God their spirits give,
 And 'scape from earth away.
 Lord, thou read'st the panting heart,
 Lord, thou hear'st the praying sigh:
 O 'tis better to depart,
 'Tis better far to die.
- 2 Yet, if so thy will ordain
 For our companions' good,
 Let us in the flesh remain,
 And meekly bear the load:
 When we have our grief fill'd up,
 When we all our work have done,
 Late partakers of our hope,
 And sharers of thy throne.
- 3 To thy wise and gracious will,
 We quietly submit;
 Waiting for redemption still,
 But waiting at thy feet:
 When thou wilt the blessing give,
 Call us up thy face to see,
 Only let thy servants live,
 And let us die to thee.

HYMN 39. [*Wednesbury. C. M.*]

- 1 **A**ND let this feeble body fail,
 And let it droop and die,
 My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
 And soar to worlds on high:
 Shall join the disembodied saints,
 And find its long sought rest;

42 *Describing Judgment.* I. § 2.

That only bliss for which it pants,
In my Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain;
I suffer out my threescore years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravish'd eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise!
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there!
They all are rob'd in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

4 O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptur'd host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away:
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

2. *Describing Judgment.*

HYMN 40. [Olney. S. M.]

1 **T**HOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear:

Our caution'd souls prepare
 For that tremendous day ;
 And fill us now with watchful care,
 And stir us up to pray.
 2 To pray, and wait the hour,
 That awful hour unknown ;
 When rob'd in majesty and power,
 Thou shalt from heav'n come down,
 The immortal Son of Man,
 To judge the human race,
 With all thy Father's dazzling train,
 With all thy glorious grace.

3 To damp our earthly joys,
 T' increase our gracious fears,
 For ever let th' Archangel's voice
 Be sounding in our ears ;
 The solemn midnight cry,
 " Ye dead, the Judge is come !
 " Arise and meet him in the sky,
 " And meet your instant doom !"

4 O may we then be found,
 Obedient to thy word,
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
 And looking for our Lord :
 O may we all insure
 A lot among the blest :
 And watch a moment to secure
 An everlasting rest !

HYMN 41. [Olivers,

1 **L**O ! he comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for favour'd sinners slain !
 Thousand, thousand saints attend

44 *Describing Judgment.* I. § 2.

Swell the triumph of his train!
Hallelujah!

God appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him
Rob'd in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 The dear tokens of his passion,
Still his dazzling body bears;
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransom'd worshippers:
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars!

4 Yea! Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thy eternal throne:
Saviour, take the pow'r and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thine own:
Jah! Jehovah!
Everlasting God, come down.

HYMN 42. [*Judgment.* L. M.]

1 **H**E comes! He comes! the Judge severe!
The seventh trumpet speaks him near:
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll,
How welcome to the faithful soul!

2 From heaven angelic voices sound,
"See the almighty Jesus crown'd!
"Girt with omnipotence and grace,
"And glory decks the Saviour's face!"

3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own:

I. § 2. *Describing Judgment.* 45

The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord!

- 4 Shout all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High:
Our Lord who now his right obtains;
For ever and for ever reigns.

HYMN 43. [*Wood's. 4-8's & 2-6's.*]

- 1 **T**HOU God of glorious majesty.
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A worm of earth I cry;
An half awaken'd child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die.

- 2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible;
A point of time, a moment's space
Removes me to that happy place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

- 3 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

- 4 Before me place in dread array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

- 5 Be this my one great business here,
 With serious industry and fear
 Eternal bliss t' ensure :
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
 And suffer all thy righteous will,
 And to the end endure.
- 6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
 Transported from this vale to live,
 And reign with thee above ;
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
 And hope in full, supreme delight,
 And everlasting love.

HYMN 44. [*Kingswood.* 7's & 6's.

- 1 **S**TAND th' omnipotent decree ;
 Jehovah's will be done !
 Nature's end we wait to see,
 And hear her final groan ;
 Let this earth dissolve and blend
 In death the wicked and the just :
 Let those ponderous orbs descend,
 And grind us into dust.
- 2 Rests secure the righteous man
 At his Redeemer's beck ;
 Sure t' emerge, and rise again,
 And mount above the wreck :
 Lo ! the heavenly spirit towers,
 Like flames o'er nature's funeral pyre,
 Triumphs in immortal powers,
 And claps his wings of fire.
- 3 Nothing hath the just to lose
 By worlds on worlds destroy'd :
 Far beneath his feet he views
 With smiles the flaming void :

- Sees this universe renew'd,
The grand millennial year begun ;
Shouts with all the sons of God,
Around th' eternal throne !
- 4 Resting in this glorious hope,
To be at last restor'd,
Yield we now our bodies up
To earthquake, plague, or sword ;
Listening for the call divine,
The latest trumpet of the seven ;
Soon our soul and dust shall join,
And both fly up to heaven.

5. *Describing Heaven.*HYMN 45. [*West-Street. 2-6's & 4-7's.*]

- 1 **H**OW weak the thoughts and vain,
Of self-deluded men !
Men, who fix'd to earth alone,
Think their houses shall endure,
Fondly call their lands their own,
To their distant heirs secure !
- 2 How happy then are we,
Who build, O Lord, on thee !
What can our foundation shock ?
Though the shatter'd earth remove,
Stands our city on a rock,
On the rock of heavenly love.
- 3 A house we call our own,
Which cannot be o'erthrown :
In the general ruin sure,
Storms and earthquakes it defies,
Built immovably secure,
Built eternal in the skies.

- 4 High on Immanuel's land,
We see the fabric stand !
From a tott'ring world remove,
To our steadfast mansion there :
Our inheritance above
Cannot pass from heir to heir.
- 5 Those amaranthine bowers,
Unalienably ours,
Bloom, our infinite reward ;
Rise, our permanent abode ;
From the founded world prepar'd,
Purchas'd by the blood of God.
- 6 O might we quickly find
The place for us design'd ;
See the long expected day
Of our full redemption here !
Let the shadows flee away !
Let the new made world appear !
- 7 High on thy great white throne,
O King of saints, come down !
In the New Jerusalem
Now triumphantly descend ;
Let the final trump proclaim
Joys begun, that ne'er shall end.

HYMN 46. [Funeral.

- I LONG to behold him array'd
With glory and light from above !
The King in his beauty display'd,
His beauty of holiest love ;
I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus hath fix'd his abode ;
O when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God !

- 2 With him I on Sion shall stand,
 (For Jesus hath spoken the word,)
 The breadth of Immanuel's land
 Survey by the light of my Lord!
 But when on thy bosom reclin'd,
 Thy face I am strengthen'd to see,
 My fulness of rapture I find,
 My heaven of heavens in thee.
- 3 How happy the people, that dwell
 Secure in the city above:
 No pain the inhabitants feel,
 No sickness or sorrow shall prove:
 Physician of souls, unto me
 Forgiveness and holiness give;
 And then from the body set free,
 And then to the city receive.

HYMN 47. [23d. *Psalm*. 6-8's.

- 1 **L**EADER of faithful souls, and guide
 Of all that travel to the sky,
 Come, and with us, ev'n us abide,
 Who wou'd on thee alone rely;
 On thee alone our spirits stay,
 While held in life's uneven way.
- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
 This earth we know is not our place;
 And hasten thro' the vale of woe,
 And restless to behold thy face:
 Swift to our heavenly country move,
 Our everlasting home above.
- 3 We have no 'hiding city here,
 But seek a city out of sight;

Thither our steady course we steer,
 Aspiring to the plains of light;
 Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
 Whose founder is the living God.

- 4 Patient th' appointed race to run,
 This weary world we cast behind :
 From strength to strength we travel on,
 The New Jerusalem to find :
 Our labour this, our only aim,
 To find the New Jerusalem.
- 5 Thro' thee, who all our sins hast borne,
 Freely and graciously forgiven,
 With songs to Zion we return,
 Contending for our native heaven;
 That palace of our glorious King,
 We find it nearer, while we sing.
- 6 Rais'd by the breath of love divine,
 We urge our way with strength renew'd;
 The church of the First-born to join,
 We travel to the Mount of God;
 With joy upon our heads arise,
 And meet our Captain in the skies.

6. *Describing Hell.*

HYMN 48. [Burford. C.M.

- 1 **T**ERRIBLE thought! shall I alone,
 Who may be sav'd, shall I,
 Of all, alas! whom I have known,
 Thro' sin for ever die!
- 2 While all my old companions dear,
 With whom I once did live,
 Joyful at God's right hand appear,
 A blessing to receive :

I. § 3. *Praying for a Blessing* 51

- 3 Shall I, amidst a ghastly band,
Dragg'd to the judgment-seat,
Far on the left with horror stand,
My fearful doom to meet?
- 4 While they enjoy his heavenly love,
Must I in torments dwell?
And howl, (while they sing hymns above,)
And blow the flames of hell!
- 5 Ah! no:—I still may turn and live:
For still his wrath delays;
He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,
And offers me his grace.
- 6 I will accept his offers now,
From every sin depart:
Perform my oft repeated vow,
And render him my heart.
- 7 I will improve what I receive,
The grace thro' Jesus given;
Sure, if to God on earth I live,
To live with God in heaven.

§ 3. *Praying for a Blessing.*

HYMN 49. [Bexley. C. M.]

- 1 **T**HOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes
Our inmost thoughts perceive;
Accept the evening sacrifice,
Which now to thee we give.
- 2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere:
But shew us, Lord, is every one
Thy real worshipper?

52 *Praying for a Blessing.* I. § 3.

- 3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
Nor feels his want of thee?
A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree?
- 4 Convince him now of unbelief,
His desperate state explain:
And fill his heart with sacred grief
And penitential pain.
- 5 Speak with that voice which wakes the
And bid the sleeper rise! [dead,
And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.
- 6 Extort the cry, What must be done
To save a wretch like me?
How shall a trembling sinner shun
That endless misery?
- 7 I must this instant now begin
Out of my sleep to 'wake:
And turn to God, and every sin
Continually forsake.
- 8 I must for faith incessant cry,
And wrestle, Lord, with thee:
I must be born again, or die
To all eternity.

HYMN 50. [*Aldrich.* C. M.]

- 1 COME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known:
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.
- 2 O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn:
And turn at once from every sin,
And to our Saviour turn.

II. § 1 *Describing formal Religion.* 53

- 3 Give us ourselves and thee to know,
In this our gracious day :
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.
- 4 Conclude us first in unbelief,
And freely then release ;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.
- 5 Impoverish, Lord, and then relieve,
And then enrich the poor ;
The knowledge of our sickness give,
The knowledge of our cure.
- 6 That blessed sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load ;
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart
In the atoning blood.
- 7 Our desperate state thro' sin declare,
And speak our sins forgiven ;
By perfect holiness prepare,
And take us up to heaven.



PART II.

CONVINCING.

§ 1. *Describing formal Religion.*

HYMN 51. [*Wenvo. C. M.*]

1 **L**ONG have I seem'd to serve thee, Lord,
With unavailing pain :
Fasted, and pray'd, and read thy word,
And heard it preach'd in vain.

54 *Describing formal Religion.* II. § 1

- 2 Oft did I with th' assembly join,
And near thy altar drew :
A form of godliness was mine,
The power I never knew.
- 3 I rested in the outward law ;
Nor knew its deep design :
The length and breadth I never saw,
And height of love divine.
- 4 To please thee thus, at length I see,
Vainly I hop'd and strove ;
For what are outward things to thee,
Unless they spring from love ?
- 5 I see thy perfect law requires
Truth in the inward parts ;
Our full consent, our whole desires,
Our undivided hearts.
- 6 But I of means have made my boast,
Of means an idol made !
The spirit in the letter lost,
The substance in the shade !
- 7 Where am I now or what my hope ?
What can my weakness do ?
Jesus, to thee my soul looks up ;
'Tis thou must make it new.

HYMN 52. [*Brook's.* C. M.]

- 1 **S**TILL for thy loving-kindness, Lord,
I in thy temple wait :
I look to find thee in thy word,
Or at thy table meet.
- 2 Here, in thine own appointed ways
I wait to learn thy will ;

II. §2 *Describing inward Religion.* 55

Silent I stand before thy face,
And hear thee say, "Be still!"

3 "Be still! and know, that I am God!"
'Tis all I live to know;

To feel the virtue of thy blood,
And spread its praise below!

4 I wait my vigour to renew,
Thine image to retrieve,
The veil of outward things pass thro',
And gasp in thee to live.

5 I work: And own the labour vain:
And thus from works I cease:
I strive; and see my fruitless pain,
Till God create my peace.

6 Fruitless till thou thyself impart,
Must all my efforts prove;
They cannot change a sinful heart,
They cannot purchase love.

7 I do the thing, thy laws enjoin,
And then the strife give o'er;
To thee I then the whole resign,
I trust in means no more.

8 I trust in him, who stands between
The Father's wrath and me:
Jesus, thou great eternal Mean,
I look for all from thee!

§2. *Describing inward Religion.*

HYMN 53. [Snowsfields. 4-8's & 2-6's.]

1 **T**HOU great mysterious God unknown,
Whose love has gently led me on,
Ev'n from my infant days;

56 *Describing inward Religion.* II § 2

Mine inmost soul expose to view,
And tell me if I never knew
Thy justifying grace.

2 If I have only known thy fear,
And follow'd with a heart sincere,
Thy drawings from above,
Now, now the farther grace bestow,
And let my sprinkled conscience know
Thy sweet forgiving love.

3 Short of thy love I wou'd not stop,
A stranger to the gospel-hope,
The sense of sin forgiven;
I wou'd not, Lord, my soul deceive,
Without thy inward witness live,
That antepast of heaven.

4 If now the Witness were in me,
Wou'd he not testify of thee,
In Jesus reconcil'd?
And should I not with faith draw nigh,
And boldly "Abba, Father, cry,
I know myself thy child?"

5 Ah! never let thy servant rest,
Till of my part in Christ possess,
I on thy mercy feed;
Unworthy of the crumbs that fall,
Yet rais'd by him who died for all,
To eat the children's bread.

6 Whate'er obstructs thy pardoning love,
Or sin, or righteousness remove,
Thy glory to display;
Mine heart of unbelief convince,
And now absolve me from my sins,
And take them all away.

III. § 1. *Praying for Repentance.* 57

HYMN 54. [Kingswood.

- 1 **U**PRIGHT both in heart and will,
We by our God were made;
But we turn'd from good to ill,
And o'er the creatures stray'd;
Multiplied our wandering thought,
Which first was fixt on God alone:
In ten thousand objects sought
The bliss we lost in one.
- 2 From our own inventions vain
Of fancied happiness,
Draw us to thyself again,
And bid our wanderings cease;
Jesu, speak our souls restor'd
By love's divine simplicity,
Re-united to our Lord,
And wholly lost in thee.

PART. III.

§ 1. *Praying for Repentance.*

HYMN 55. [Mourners. 6-8's.

- 1 **F**ATHER of lights, from whom proceeds
Whate'er thy every creature needs,
Whose goodness, providently nigh,
Feeds the young ravens when they cry:
To thee I look, my heart prepare;
Suggest, and hearken to my prayer.
- 2 Since by thy light myself I see
Naked, and poor, and void of thee,

58 *Praying for Repentance.* III. § 1.

Thy eyes must all my thoughts survey,
Preventing what my lips wou'd say;
Thou seest my wants; for help they call,
And ere I speak thou know'st them all.

3 Thou know'st the baseness of my mind,
Wayward, and impotent, and blind!
Thou know'st how unsubdu'd my will,
Averse to good, and prone to ill:
Thou know'st how wide my passions rove,
Nor check'd by fear, nor charm'd by love.

4 Fain wou'd I know as known by thee,
And feel the indigence I see;
Fain wou'd I all my vileness own,
And deep beneath the burthen groan;
Abhor the pride that lurks within,
Detest, and loath myself and sin.

5 Ah! give me, Lord, myself to feel,
My total misery reveal;
Ah give me, Lord, (I still wou'd say,)
A heart to mourn, a heart to pray;
My business this, my only care,
My life, my every breath be prayer!

HYMN 56. [Brentford. S. M.]

1 **O** That I cou'd repent!
O that I cou'd believe!

Thou by thy voice the marble rent!
The rock in sunder cleave!

Thou by thy two-edged sword
My soul and spirit part;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break my stubborn heart!

2 Saviour and Prince of peace,
The double grace bestow,

III. § 1: *Praying for Repentance.* 59

Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go :
Grant me my sins to feel,
And then my load remove ;
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
The balm of pardoning love.

3 For thy own mercy's sake
The cursed thing remove ;
And into thy protection take
The prisoner of thy love :
In every trying hour
Stand by my feeble soul,
And skreen me from my nature's power,
'Till thou hast made me whole.

4 This is thy will I know,
That I shou'd holy be,
Shou'd let my sin this moment go,
This moment turn to thee ;
O might I now embrace
Thy all-sufficient power,
And never more to sin give place,
And never grieve thee more !

HYMN 57. [Calvary. 7's. & 6's.]

1 JESU, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wand'ring sheep ;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Wou'd fain like Peter weep :
Let me be by grace restor'd :
On me be all long-suffering shown :
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart,

60 *Praying for Repentance.* III. § 1.

Give me, thro' thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give, what I have long implor'd,
A portion of thy grief unknown:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 For thine own compassion's sake
The gracious wonder show:
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow:
If thy bowels now are stirr'd,
If now I wou'd myself bemoan,
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

4 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die!
Life, and happiness, and love,
Drop from thy gracious eye;
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

5 Look, as when thine eye pursued
The first apostate man:
Saw him welt'ring in his blood,
And bade him rise again;
Speak my paradise restor'd,
Redeem me by thy grace alone,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

6 Look, as when thy pity saw
Thine own in a strange land;
Forc'd to obey the tyrant's law,
And feel his heavy hand:

Speak the soul-redeeming word :
And out of Egypt call thy son :
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

7 Look, as when thy grace beheld
The harlot in distress,
Dry'd her tears, her pardon seal'd,
And bade her go in peace ;
Foul like her, and self-abhorr'd,
I at thy feet for mercy groan :
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

8 Look, as when thy languid eye
Was clos'd that we might live ;
" Father," (at the point to die,)
My Saviour gasp'd, " Forgive !"
Surely with that dying word,
He turns, and looks, and cries, "'Tis done :"
O my bleeding, loving Lord,
Thou break'st my heart of stone !

§ 2. *For Mourners convinced of Sin.*

HYMN 58. [Fetter-Lane. C. M.]

1 **O** Sun of Righteousness, arise
With healing in thy wing :
To my diseas'd, my fainting soul,
Life and salvation bring.

2 These clouds of pride and sin dispel
By thy all-piercing beam :
Lighten my eyes with faith, my heart
With holy hope inflame.

3 My mind by thy all-quick'ning power,
From low desires set free,

Unite my scatter'd thoughts, and fix
My love entire on thee.

4 Father, thy long lost son receive:
Saviour, thy purchase own;
Blest Comforter, with peace and joy
Thy new-made creature crown.

5 Eternal, undivided Lord,
Co-equal One and Three,
On thee all faith, all hope be plac'd,
All love be paid to thee.

HYMN 59. [*Kingswood, 7's. & 6's.*]

1 **L**ET the world their virtue boast,
Their works of righteousness:
I, a wretch undone and lost,
Am freely sav'd by grace:
Other title I disclaim,
This, only this is all my plea;
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

2 Happy those whose joys abound,
Like Jordan's swelling stream:
Who their heaven in Christ have found,
And give the praise to him;
Let them triumph in his Name,
Enjoy their full felicity;
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

3 Blest are they, entirely blest,
Who can in him rejoice;
Lean on his beloved breast,
And hear the bridegroom's voice;
Meanest follower of the Lamb,
His steps I at a distance see;

I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

4 I like Gideon's fleece am found,
Unwatered still and dry;
While the dew on all around
Falls plenteous from the sky;
Yet my Lord I cannot blame,
The Saviour's grace for all is free;
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

5 Surely he will lift me up,
For I of him have need;
I cannot give up my hope
Tho' I am cold and dead;
To bring fire on earth he came,
O that it now might kindled be!
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

6 Jesus, thou for me hast died,
And thou in me wilt live:
I shall feel the death applied,
I shall thy life receive:
Yet when melted in the flame
Of love, this shall be all my plea,
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

HYMN 60. [Exley. C. M.]

1 **W**HY shou'd the children of a King,
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
The tokens of thy grace?

2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven;

When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And shew my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come:
May thy blest wings, celestial Dove,
Safely convey me home.

HYMN 61.

[Bextey. C. M.]

1 **G**OD is in this and every place;
But O how dark and void
To me! 'tis one great wilderness,
This earth without my God.

2 Empty of him who all things fill,
Till he his light impart!
Till he his glorious self reveal;
The veil is on my heart!

3 O thou who seest and know'st my grief,
Thyself unseen, unknown,
Pity my helpless unbelief,
And take away the stone.

4 Regard me with a gracious eye,
The long-sought blessing give:
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold thy face, and live.

5 A darker soul did never yet
Thy promis'd help implore;
O that I now my Lord might meet,
And never lose him more.

6 Now, Jesus, now, the Father's love
Shed in my heart-abroad:
The middle wall of sin remove,
And let me into God.

HYMN 62. [Fetter-Lane. C. M.]

- 1 **O** That I cou'd my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem!
Who gave his life that I might live
A life conceal'd in him!
- 2 O that I cou'd the blessing prove,
My heart's extreme desire!
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his Arms expire!
- 3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,
That, kept by Mercy's power,
I may from every evil cease,
And never grieve thee more!
- 4 Now, if thy gracious wil it be,
Even now my sins remove;
And set my soul at liberty,
By thy victorious love.
- 5 In answer to ten thousand prayers,
Thou pardoning God descend!
Number me with salvation's heirs,
My sins and troubles end!
- 6 Nothing I ask or want beside,
Of all in earth or heaven;
But let me feel thy blood applied,
And live and die forgiven.

HYMN 63.

[*Athlone.* L. M.]

- 1 **O** Thou that hear'st, when sinners cry,
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold me not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse from sin!
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight;
Thy saving strength, O Lord, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy Throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns the dreadful sentence just:
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.
- 6 Then will I teach the world thy ways,
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.
- 7 O may thy love inspire my tongue,
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

III. § 3. *Brought to the Birth.* 67

§ 3. *For Mourners brought to the Birth.*

HYMN 64. [*Brockmer's. C. M.*]

- 1 **W**ITH glorious clouds encompass'd round
Whom angels dimly see;
Will the Unsearchable be found,
Or God appear to me?
- 2 Will he forsake his Throne above,
Himself to worms impart?
Answer, thou Man of grief and love,
And speak it to my heart!
- 3 In manifested love explain
Thy wonderful design:
What meant the suffering Son of Man?
The streaming blood divine?
- 4 Didst thou not in our flesh appear,
And live and die below;
That I might now perceive thee near,
And my Redeemer know?
- 5 Come, then, and to my soul reveal
The heights and depths of grace;
The wounds which all my sorrows heal,
That dear disfigur'd Face.
- 6 Before my eyes of faith confess,
Stand forth a slaughter'd Lamb;
And wrap me in thy crimson vest,
And tell me all thy Name.
- 7 Jehovah in thy Person show,
Jehovah crucify'd:
And then the pardoning God I know,
And feel the blood applied.

- 8 I view the Lamb in his own light,
Whom angels dimly see ;
And gaze transported at the sight,
To all eternity.

HYMN 65. [*Mourner's.* 6—8's.]

- 1 JESU, if still the same thou art,
If all thy promises are sure ;
Set up thy kingdom in my heart,
And make me rich, for I am poor ;
To me be all thy treasures given,
The kingdom of an inward heaven.
- 2 Thou hast pronounc'd the mourner blest,
And, lo ! for thee, I ever mourn !
I cannot ; no, I will not rest,
Till thou my only Rest return,
Till thou, the Prince of Peace, appear,
And I receive the Comforter.
- 3 Where is the blessedness bestow'd
On all that hunger after thee ?
I hunger now, I thirst for God !
See, the poor fainting sinner, see :
And satisfy with endless peace,
And fill me with thy righteousness.
- 4 Ah, Lord ! if thou art in that sigh,
Then hear thyself within me pray :
Hear, in my heart, thy Spirit's cry,
Mark, what my lab'ring soul wou'd say :
Answer the deep unutter'd groan,
And shew, that thou and I are one.
- 5 Shine on thy work, disperse the gloom,
Light in thy light I then shall see :
Say to my soul, " Thy light is come,
" Glory divine is risen on thee :

III. § 3. *Brought to the Birth.* 69

“Thy warfare’s past, thy mourning’s o’er,
“Look up, for thou shalt weep no more.”

6 Lord, I believe the promise sure,
And trust thou wilt not long delay;
Hungry, and sorrowful, and poor,
Upon thy Word myself I stay:
Into thy hands my all resign,
And wait till all thou art is mine.

HYMN 66. [*St. Paul’s.* C.M.]

- 1 **J**ESUS, if still thou art to-day
As yesterday the same:
Present to heal, in me display
The virtue of thy Name!
- 2 If still thou goest about to do
Thy needy creatures good:
On me, that I thy praise may show,
Be all thy wonders shew’d.
- 3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat:
With pitying eye behold me fall
A leper at thy feet.
- 4 Loathsome, and foul, and self-abhorr’d,
I sink beneath my sin:
But, if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine, can make me clean.
- 5 Thou seest me deaf to thy commands,
Open, O Lord, my ear;
Bid me stretch out my wither’d hands
And lift them up in prayer.
- 6 Silent, (alas! thou knowest how long,)
My voice, I cannot raise:

- But, O, when thou shalt lose my tongue,
The dumb shall sing thy praise.
- 7 Lame at the pool I still am found;
Give, and my strength employ:
Light as a hart I then shall bound,
The lame shall leap for joy.
- 8 Blind from my birth to guilt and thee,
And dark I am within:
The love of God I cannot see,
The sinfulness of sin.
- 9 But thou, they say, art passing by:
O let me find thee near!
Jesus, in mercy hear my cry,
Thou Son of David, hear!
- 10 Long have I waited in the way
For thee, the heavenly light:
Command me to be brought, and say,
"Sinner, receive thy sight!"

HYMN 67. [*Wenvo*. C. M.]

- 1 **W**HILE dead in trespasses I lie,
Thy quick'ning Spirit give;
Call me, thou Son of God, that I
May hear thy voice and live.
- 2 While, full of anguish and disease,
My weak, distemper'd soul,
Thy love compassionately sees,
O let it make me whole.
- 3 While torn by hellish pride, I cry,
By legion-lust possess!
Son of the living God draw nigh,
And speak me into rest!

III. § 3. *Brought to the Birth.* 71

- 4 Cast out thy foes, and let them still
To Jesu's Name submit :
Clothe with thy righteousness, and heal,
And place me at thy feet.
- 5 To Jesu's Name, if all things now
A trembling homage pay ;
O let my stubborn spirit bow,
My stiff-neck'd will obey.
- 6 Impotent, dumb, and deaf, and blind,
And sick, and poor I am ;
But sure a remedy to find
For all in Jesu's Name.
- 7 I know in thee all fulness dwells,
And all for wretched man,
Fill every want my spirit feels,
And break off every chain.
- 8 If thou impart thyself to me,
No other good I need :
If thou the Son shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.
- 9 I cannot rest, till in thy blood
I full redemption have ;
But thou thro' whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.
- 10 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my soul :
Lord, I believe, and not in vain :
My faith shall make me whole.
- 11 I too with thee shall walk in white,
With all thy saints shall prove, [heigh
What is the length, and breadth, and
And depth of perfect love.

HYMN 68. [Lampe's. S. M.]

1 **W**HEN shall thy love constrain,
And force me to thy breast?

When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest?

Ah! what avails my strife,
My wandering to and fro?

Thou hast the words of endless life,
Ah! whither shou'd I go?

2 Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move:

It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.
Lord, at thy feet I fall!

I groan to be set free:

I fain wou'd now obey the call,
And give up all for thee!

3 To rescue me from woe
Thou didst with all things part;

Didst lead a suffering life below
To gain my worthless heart.

My worthless heart to gain,
The God of all that breathe,

Was found in fashion as a man,
And died a cursed death.

4 And yet can I delay
My little all to give?

To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?

Nay, but I yield, I yield!

I can hold out no more:

I sink by dying love compell'd,
And own Thee Conqueror!

III. § 3. *Brought to the Birth.* 73

5 Tho' late I all forsake,
My friends, my all resign :
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine !
Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove :
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

6 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know ;
To seek, and taste no other bliss,
No other good below :
My Life, my Portion thou ;
Thou All-sufficient art ;
My Hope, my heavenly Treasure, now
Enter and keep my heart.

HYMN 69. [*Foundery.* All 7's.]

- 1 **D**ROOPING soul, shake off thy fears,
Fearful soul, be strong, be bold,
Tarry, till the Lord appears,
Never, never quit thy hold :
Murmur not at his delay,
Dare not set thy God a time,
Calmly for his coming stay,
Leave it, leave it all to him.
- 2 Fainting soul, be hold, be strong,
Wait the leisure of thy Lord :
Tho' it seem to tarry long,
True and faithful is his Word :
On his Word my soul I cast,
(He can not himself deny,)
Surely it shall speak at last ;
It shall speak, and shall not lie.

- 3 Every one that seeks shall find ;
 Every one that asks shall have,
 Christ, the Saviour of mankind,
 Willing, able, all to save :
 I shall his salvation see,
 I in faith on Jesus call ;
 I from sin shall be set free,
 Perfectly set free from all.
- 4 Lord, my time is in thine hand,
 Weak and helpless as I am :
 Surely thou canst make me stand,
 I believe in Jesu's Name ;
 Saviour in temptation thou,
 Thou hast sav'd me heretofore :
 Thou from sin dost save me now,
 Thou shalt save me evermore.

HYMN 70. [*Chapel. 2-6's & 4-8's.*]

- 1 **O** LOVE divine, how sweet thou art !
 When shall I find my willing heart
 All taken up by thee ?
 I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love,
 • The love of Christ to me !
- 2 Stronger his love than death and hell ;
 Its riches are unsearchable ;
 The first-born sons of light
 Desire in vain its depths to see ;
 They cannot reach the mystery,
 The length, and breadth, and height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God
 O that it now were shed abroad
 In this poor stony heart !
 For love I sigh, for love I pine

III. § 3. *Brought to the Birth.* 75

This only portion, Lord, be mine!

Be mine this better part.

4 O that I cou'd for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet,
Be this my happy choice!
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

5 O that I cou'd with favour'd John
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

HYMN 71. [112th Psalm. 6—8's.

1 **F**ATHER of Jesus Christ the just,
My Friend and Advocate with thee;
Pity a soul that fain would trust
In him, who liv'd and died for me:
But only thou canst make him known,
And in my heart reveal thy Son.

2 If drawn by thy alluring grace,
My want of living faith I feel:
Shew me in Christ thy smiling face,
What flesh and blood can ne'er reveal;
Thy co-eternal Son display,
And call my darkness into day.

3 The gift unspeakable impart;
Command the light of faith to shine;
To shine in my dark drooping heart,
And fill me with the life divine!
Now bid the new creation be!
O God, let there be faith in me!

HYMN 72. [*Lampé's.* S. M.]

- 1 **A**H! whither shou'd I go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint?
To whom shou'd I my trouble show,
And pour out my complaint?
My Saviour bids me come,
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home;
And yet from him I stay.
- 2 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let my Saviour take
Possession of my heart?
Some cursed thing unknown
Must surely lurk within:
Some idol which I will not own;
Some secret bosom-sin.
- 3 Jesus, the hindrance show,
Which I have fear'd to see;
O let me now consent to know
What keeps me out of thee.
Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corner shine,
And take the veil away.
- 4 I now believe, in thee
Compassion reigns alone:
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!
In me is all the bar,
Which thou wou'dst fain remove:
Remove it, and I shall declare
That God is only Love.

III. § 3. *Brought to the Birth.* 77

HYMN 73. [Fetter-Lane. C. M.]

- 1 **T**HOU hidden God, for whom I groan,
Till thou thyself declare :
God; inaccessible, unknown,
Regard a sinner's prayer.
- 2 A sinner weltering in his blood,
Unpurg'd, and unforgiven ;
Far distant from the living God,
As far as hell from heaven.
- 3 An unregenerate child of man,
To thee for faith I call :
Pity thy fallen creature's pain,
And raise me from my fall.
- 4 The darkness which thro' thee I feel,
Thou only canst remove :
Thy own eternal Power reveal,
Thy Deity of Love !
- 5 Thou hast in unbelief shut up,
That grace may let me go :
In hope, believing against hope,
I wait the truth to know.
- 6 Thou wilt in me reveal thy Name,
Thou wilt thy Light afford :
Bound and opprest, yet thine I am,
The prisoner of the Lord.
- 7 I wou'd not to thy foe submit ;
I hate the tyrant's chain ;
Send forth the prisoner from the pit,
Nor let me cry in vain !
- 8 Shew me the blood that bought my peace,
The covenant blood apply ;

And all my griefs at once shall cease,
And all my sins shall die.

9 Now, Lord, if thou art power, descend ;
The mountain-sin remove :
My unbelief, and troubles end,
If thou art Truth and Love.

10 Speak, Jesu, speak into my heart,
What thou for me hast done !
One grain of living faith impart,
And God is all my own !

HYMN 74. [Olney. S. M.

1 **J**ESUS, my Lord, attend
Thy feeble creature's cry ;
And shew thyself the Sinner's Friend,
And set me up on high.
From hell's oppressive power
My struggling soul release ;
And to thy Father's grace restore,
And to thy perfect peace.

2 Thy blood and righteousness
I make my only plea !
My present and eternal peace,
Are both deriv'd from thee.
Rivers of life divine
From thee, their Fountain flow,
And all who know that love of thine,
The joy of angels know.

3 Come, then, impute, impart
To me thy righteousness,
And let me taste how good thou art,
How full of Truth and Grace :
That thou canst here forgive,
Grant me to testify,

And sanctify'd by faith to live;
And in that faith to die.

HYMN 75. [Brentford. S. M.

1 **L**O! in thy hand I lay,
And wait thy will to prove:

My Potter, stamp on me thy clay,
Thy only stamp of love:

Be this my whole desire,
I know that it is thine;

Then kindle in my soul a fire,
Which shall for ever shine.

2 Thy gracious readiness
To save mankind assert;

Thy image, love, thy name impress,
Thy nature on my heart.

Bowels of Mercy, hear,
Into my soul come down;

Let it throughout my life appear,
That I have Christ put on.

3 O plant in me thy mind!
O fix in me thy home:

So shall I cry to all mankind,
Come, to the waters, come;

Jesus is full of grace;
To all his bowels move:

Behold in me, ye fallen race,
That God is only Love.

HYMN 76. [Passion. All 10's.

1 **O** Jesus my hope, for me offer'd up,
Who with clamour pursued thee

To Calvary's top,

The blood thou hast shed, For me let it
plead,

And declare thou hast died In thy
murderer's stead.

- 2 Come then from above, The stony remove,
And vanquish my heart with a sense of thy love:
Thy love on the tree, Display unto me,
And the servant of sin In a moment is free.
- 3 Neither passion nor pride thy cross can abide,
But melt in the fountain That streams from thy side;
Let the wonderful flood Wash off all my load,
And purge my foul conscience, And bring me to God.
- 4 Now, now let me know Its virtue below !
Let it wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow ;
Let it hallow my heart, and thoroughly convert ;
And make me, O Lord, in the world as thou art.
- 5 Each moment apply'd, My weakness to hide,
Thy blood be upon me, And always abide:
My Advocate prove With the Father above,
And speak me at last to the throne of thy love.

HYMN 77. [Dresden. L. M.

- 1 **S**TAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Tho' I have done thee such despite ;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Tho' I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears :
And vex'd, and urg'd thee to depart
For many long, rebellious years.
- 3 Tho' I have most unfaithful been
Of all, whoe'er thy grace receiv'd :
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen ;
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd.

III. § 3. *Brought to the Birth.* 81

4 Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest!
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

5 This only woe I deprecate,
This only plague I pray remove;
Nor leave me in my lost estate,
Nor curse me with this want of love.

6 From now, my weary soul release;
Upraise me with thy gracious hand;
And guide into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

HYMN 78. [*Passion.* 2: 5. & 1:—12.

1 COME, Lord, from above,
The mountains remove, [love.
O'erturn all that hinders the course of thy
My bosom inspire,
Inkindle the fire, [desire,
And wrap my whole soul in the flames of

2 I languish and pine
For the comfort divine,
O when shall I say, "My Beloved is mine;
"I have chose the good part,
"My Portion thou art?"
O Love, let me find thee, O God, in my heart.

3 For this my heart sighs,
Nothing else can suffice; [price?
How, Lord, can I purchase the Pearl of great
It cannot be bought,
And thou know'st I have nought,
Not an action, a word, or a truly good
F [thought.

4 But I hear a Voice say,
 Without money ye may
 Receive it, whoever, have nothing to pay:
 Who on Jesus relies,
 Without money or price,
 The pearl of forgiveness and holiness buys.

5 The blessing is free:
 So, Lord, let it be;
 I yield that thy love shou'd be given to me,
 I freely receive
 What thou freely dost give,
 And consent in thy Love, in thy Eden to live.

6 The gift I embrace,
 The Giver I praise,
 And ascribe my salvation to Jesus's grace;
 It comes from above,
 The foretaste I prove, [love.
 And I soon shall receive all thy fulness of

HYMN 79. [Thou Shepherd of Israel,

1 COME, holy, celestial Dove,
 To visit a sorrowful breast!
 My burthen of guilt to remove,
 And bring me assurance and rest!
 Thou only hast power to relieve
 A sinner o'erwhelm'd with his load;
 The sense of acceptance to give,
 And sprinkle his heart with thy blood!

2 With me if of old thou hast strove,
 And strangely with-held from my sin;
 And tried by the lure of thy love
 My worthless affections to win;
 The work of thy mercy revive;
 Thy uttermost mercy exert;

III. §4. *Convinced of Backsliding.* 83

- And kindly continue to strive,
And hold till I yield thee my heart.
- 3 Thy call if I ever have known,
And sigh'd from myself to get free;
And groan'd the unspeakable groan,
And long'd to be happy in thee;
Fulfil the imperfect desire;
Thy peace to my conscience reveal;
The sense of thy favour inspire,
And give me my pardon to feel,
- 4 If when I had put thee to grief,
And madly to folly return'd,
Thy pity hath been my relief,
And lifted me up as I mourn'd:
Most pityful Spirit of Grace,
Relieve me again and restore;
My spirit in holiness raise,
To fall and to suffer no more!
- 5 If now I lament after God,
And gasp for a drop of thy love,
If Jesus hath bought thee with blood,
For me to receive from above;
Come, heavenly Comforter, come!
True Witness of Mercy divine;
And make me thy permanent home,
And seal me eternally thine!

§ 4. *Convinced of Backsliding.*

HYMN 80. [Built.]

PART THE FIRST.

1 **H**OW happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,

84 *Convinced of Backsliding.* III. §4.

And have laid up their treasure above !

Tongue cannot express

The sweet comfort and peace,

Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That comfort was mine

When the favour divine,

I first found in the blood of the Lamb :

When my heart it believ'd,

What a joy I receiv'd,

What a heaven in Jesus's Name !

3 'Twas a heaven below,

My Saviour to know :

The angels cou'd do nothing more

Than fall at his feet,

And the story repeat.

And the Lover of Sinners adore.

4 Jesus, all the day long,

Was my joy and my song :

O that all his salvation might see !

He hath lov'd me, I cried,

He hath suffer'd and died,

To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love

I was carried above

All sin, and temptation, and pain:

I cou'd not believe

That I ever shou'd grieve,

That I ever shou'd suffer again.

6 I rode on the sky,

Freely justify'd I ;

or envied Elijah his seat ;

My soul mounted higher

III. §4. *Convinced of Backsliding.* 85

In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

7 Oh! the rapturous height,
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood:
Of my Saviour possess
I was perfectly blest,
As if fill'd with the fulness of God.

HYMN 81.

[*Builth.* S. M.]

PART THE SECOND.

1 **A**H, where am I now!
Where was it or how
That I fell from my heaven of grace:
I am brought into thrall;
I am stript of my All!
I am banish'd from Jesus's face.

2 Hardly yet do I know
How I let my Lord go,
So insensibly starting aside;
When the tempter came in
With his own subtle sin,
And infected my spirit with pride.

3 But I felt it too soon,
That my Saviour was gone,
Swiftly vanishing out of my sight;
My triumph and boast,
On a sudden were lost,
And my day it was turn'd into night.

4 Only sin cou'd destroy
That innocent joy,
And make my Redeemer depart;

86 *Convinced of Backsliding.* III. §4.

But whate'er was the cause,
I lament the sad loss,

For the veil is come over my heart.

5 Ah! wretch that I am;

I can only exclaim

Like a devil tormented within:

My Saviour is gone,

And has left me alone

To the fury of Satan and sin.

6 Nothing now can relieve,

Without comfort I grieve,

I have lost all my peace and my power:

No access do I find

To the Friend of mankind:

I can ask for his mercy no more.

7 Tongue cannot declare

The torment I bear,

(While no end of my troubles I see,)

Only Adam cou'd tell

On that day which he fell,

And was turn'd out of Eden like me.

8 Driven out from my God,

I wander abroad,

Thro' a desert of sorrows I rove:

Ah! how great is my pain,

That I cannot regain

My Eden of Jesus's love!

9 I never shall rise

To my first paradise,

Or come my Redeemer to see;

But I feel a faint hope

That at last he will stoop,

And his pity shall bring him to me.

III. §4. *Convinced of Backsliding.* 87

HYMN 82.

[*Funeral.*

- 1 **H**OW shall a lost sinner in pain
Recover his forfeited peace?
When brought into bondage again,
What hope of a second release?
Will mercy itself be so kind
To spare such a rebel as me?
And, O! can I possibly find
Such a plenteous redemption in thee!
- 2 O Jesus, of thee I enquire,
If still thou art able to save;
The brand to pluck out of the fire,
And ransom my soul from the grave:
The help of thy Spirit restore,
And shew me the life-giving blood;
And pardon a sinner once more,
And bring me again unto God.
- 3 O Jesus, in pity draw near,
Come quickly to help a lost soul;
To comfort a mourner appear,
And make a poor Lazarus whole:
The balm of thy mercy apply,
(Thou seest the sore anguish I feel)
Save, Lord, or I perish, I die,
O save, or I sink into hell!
- 4 I sink, if thou longer delay
Thy pardoning mercy to show;
Come quickly, and kindly display
The power of thy passion below;
By all thou hast done for my sake,
One drop of thy blood I implore
Now, now let it touch me, and make
The sinner, a sinner no more!

HYMN 83.

[*Funeral.*]

- 1 **H**OW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see :
Sweet prospects, sweet birds & sweet flow'rs,
Have all lost their sweetness with me :
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay :
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.
- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice ;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice ;
I shou'd, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear ;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd ;
No changes of season or place
Wou'd make any change in my mind ;
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy wou'd appear :
And prisons wou'd palaces prove,
If Jesus wou'd dwell with me there.
- 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my Sun and my Song !
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long ?
O drive these dark clouds from the sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore :
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winters and clouds are no more

III. § 4. *Convinced of Backsliding.* 89

HYMN 84. [Marienburn. 6-8's.

1 **O**'Tis enough, my God, my God!
Here let me give my wand'rings o'er;
No longer trample on thy blood,
And grieve thy gentleness no more;
No more thy ling'ring anger move,
Or sin against thy light and love.

2 Jesus, if mercy is with thee,
Now let it all on me be shown!
On me, the chief of sinners, me,
Who humbly for thy mercy groan;
Me to thy Father's grace restore;
Nor let me ever grieve thee more.

3 Fountain of unexhausted love,
Of infinite compassion, hear:
My Saviour and my Prince above,
Once more in my behalf appear!
Repentance, faith, and pardon give:
O let me turn again and live!

HYMN 85. [Pudsey. L. M.

1 **T**HOU Man of griefs, remember me,
Who never canst thyself forget:

Thy last mysterious agony,
Thy fainting pangs, and bloody sweat!

2 When wrestling in the strength of prayer
The Spirit sunk beneath its load;
Thy feeble flesh abhorr'd to bear
The wrath of an almighty God.

3 Father, if I may call thee so,
Regard my fearful heart's desire!
Remove this load of guilty woe,
Nor let me in my sins expire.

90 *For Mourners Recovered.* III. § 5.

- 4 I tremble, lest the wrath divine,
Which bruises now my sinful soul,
Shou'd bruise this wretched soul of mine,
Long as eternal ages roll.
- 5 To thee my last distress I bring!
The heightened fear of death I find:
The tyrant, brandishing his sting,
Appears, and hell is close behind.
- 6 I deprecate that death alone,
That endless banishment from thee:
O save, and give me to thy Son,
Who trembled, wept, and bled for me.

§ 5. *For Mourners Recovered.*

HYMN 86. [*Dedication.* 6—7's.

- 1 **J**ESUS, Shepherd of the sheep,
Pity my unsettled soul!
Guide, and nourish me, and keep,
Till thy love shall make me whole:
Give me perfect soundness, give;
Make me stedfastly believe.
- 2 I am never at one stay,
Changing every hour I am;
But thou art as yesterday,
Now and evermore the same:
Constancy to me impart,
'Stablish with thy grace my heart.
- 3 Lay thy gracious hand on me,
All my unbelief controul:
Till the rebel cease to be,
Keep him down within my soul;
That he never more may move,
Root and ground me fast in love.

III. § 5. *For Mourners Recovered.* 91

- 4 Give me faith to hold me up,
Walking over life's rough sea;
Holy, purifying hope,
Still my soul's sure anchor be :
That I may be always thine,
Perfect me in love divine.

HYMN 87. [Cary's. 6-8's.]

- 1 **W**EAR Y of wand'ring from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod;
For thee, not without hope, I mourn:
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of love.
- 2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin,
Yet once again I seek thy face;
Open thine arms and take me in,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.
- 3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
Oh for thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more!
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.
- 4 The stone to flesh again convert!
The veil of sin once more remove!
Sprinkle thy blood upon my heart,
And melt it by thy dying love!
This rebel heart by love subdue,
And make it soft, and make it new.
- 5 Give to my eyes refreshing tears,
And kindle my relentings now:

92 *For Mourners Recovered.* III. § 5.

Fill all my soul with filial fears;
To thy sweet yoke my spirit bow !
Bend by thy grace, O bend or break
The iron-sinew in my neck.

- 6 Ah, give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at th' approach of sin!
A godly fear of sin impart;
Implant and root it deep within!
That I may dread thy gracious power,
And never dare t' offend thee more.

HYMN 88. [Kingswood. 7's. & 6's.]

- 1 SON of God, if thy free-grace
Again hath rais'd me up,
Call'd me still to seek thy face,
And giv'n me back my hope :
Still thy timely help afford,
And all thy loving-kindness show :
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.
- 2 By me, O my Saviour, stand
In fierce temptation's hour ;
Save me with thine out-stretch'd hand,
And shew forth all thy power ;
Oh ! be mindful of thy word,
Thy all-sufficient grace bestow :
Keep me, &c.
- 3 Give me, Lord, a holy fear,
And fix it in my heart ;
That I may from evil near
With timely care depart.
Sin be more than hell abhorr'd,
Till thou destroy the tyrant-foe :
Keep me, &c.

III. § 5. *For Mourners Recovered.* 93

4 Never let me leave thy breast,
From thee, my Saviour, stray,
Thou art my support and rest,
My true and living way :
My exceeding great reward
In heaven above, and earth below :
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

HYMN 89. [*Kingswood. 7's & 6's.*

- 1 **L**ORD, and is thine anger gone?
And art thou pacified,
After all that I have done,
Dost thou no longer chide?
Infinite thy mercies are,
Beneath their weight I cannot move;
Oh! 'tis more than I can bear,
The sense of pardoning love.
- 2 Let it still my heart constrain,
And all my passions sway :
Keep me, lest I turn again
Out of the narrow way :
Force my violence to be still,
And captivate my every thought :
Charm, and melt, and change my will
And bring me down to nought.
- 3 If I have begun once more
Thy sweet return to feel ;
If even now I find thy power
Present my soul to heal ;
Still and quiet may I lie,
Nor struggle out of thine embrace ;
Never more resist or fly
From thy pursuing grace.

94 *For Believers Rejoicing.* IV. § 1.

4 To the cross, thine altar, bind
Me with the cords of love;
Freedom let me never find
From my dear Lord to move:
That I never, never more
May with my much-lov'd Master part;
To the posts of mercy's door
O nail my willing heart.

5 See my utter helplessness,
And leave me not alone:
O preserve in perfect peace,
And seal me for thine own:
More and more, thyself reveal,
Thy presence let me always find:
Comfort, and confirm, and heal
My feeble, sin-sick mind.

6 As the apple of an eye
Thy weakest servant keep:
Help me at thy feet to lie,
And there for ever weep;
Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,
That I have any hope of heaven:
Much of love I ought to know:
For I have much forgiven.

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**PART IV.**

§ 1. *For Believers Rejoicing.*

**HYMN 90.** [*Trumpet. 4-6's. & 2-8's.*]

1 **T**HE Lord of earth and sky,  
The God of ages praise;  
Who reigns enthron'd on high,  
Ancient of endless days;



IV. § 1. *For Believers Rejoicing.* 95

Who lengthens out our trials here,  
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and withered trees,  
We cumber'd long the ground:  
No fruits of holiness  
On our dead souls were found;  
Yet doth he us in mercy spare,  
Another, and another year.

3 When justice bar'd the sword  
To cut the fig-tree down;  
The pity of our Lord,  
Cried, "Let it still alone;"  
The Father mild inclines his ear,  
And spares us yet another year.

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood  
From God obtain'd the grace;  
Who therefore hath bestow'd  
On us a longer space;  
Thou didst in our behalf appear,  
And, lo, we see another year!

5 Then dig about our root,  
Break up the fallow ground,  
And let our gracious fruit  
To thy great praise abound:  
O let us all thy praise declare,  
And fruit unto perfection bear.

HYMN 91. [*Tallis.* All 10's.]

**O** What shall I do, my Saviour to praise,  
So faithful & true, so plenteous in grace,  
So strong to deliver, So good to redeem,  
The weakest believer, That hangs upon him!

## 96 *For Believers Rejoicing.* IV. § 1.

- 2 How happy the man, Whose heart is set free,  
The people that can Be joyful in thee?  
Their joy is to walk in 'The light of thy face,  
And still they are talking Of Jesus's grace.
- 3 Their daily delight Shall be in thy Name,  
They shall as their right, 'Thy righteousness claim;  
Thy righteousness wearing, And cleans'd by thy blood,  
Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.
- 4 For thou art their boast, their glory and power;  
And I also trust To see the glad hour,  
My soul's new creation, A life from the dead,  
The day of salvation, That lifts up my head.
- 5 For Jesus my Lord Is now my defence;  
I trust in his word, none plucks me from thence,  
Since I have found favour, He all things will do;  
My King and my Saviour shall make me anew.
- 6 Yes, Lord, I shall see The bliss of thine own,  
Thy secret to me shall soon be made known;  
For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive;  
And share in the gladness Of all that believe.

HYMN 92. [Hamilton. 7's & 6's.

1 **O**FT I in my heart have said,  
Who shall ascend on high,  
Mount to Christ my glorious head,  
And bring him from the sky?  
Borne on contemplation's wing,  
Surely I shall find him there,  
Where the angels praise their King,  
And gain the morning-star.

2 Oft I in my heart have said,  
Who to the deep shall stoop,

IV. § 1. *For Believers Rejoicing.* 97

Sink with Christ among the dead  
From thence to bring him up?  
Could I but my heart prepare  
By unfeign'd humility,  
Christ wou'd quickly enter there,  
And ever dwell with me.  
3 But the righteousness of faith  
Hath taught me better things:  
"Inward turn thine eyes," (it saith,  
While Christ to me it brings,)  
"Christ is ready to impart  
Life to all, for life who sigh:  
"In thy mouth and in thy heart  
"The word is ever nigh."

HYMN 93. [Common. 4-6's. & 2-8's.

1 **A**RISE, my soul, arise,  
Shake off thy guilty fears:  
The bleeding sacrifice  
In my behalf appears:  
Before the throne my Surety stands;  
My name is written on his hands.  
2 He ever lies above  
For me to intercede;  
His all-redeeming love,  
His precious blood to plead:  
His blood aton'd for all our race,  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.  
3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,  
Receiv'd on Calvary;  
They pour effectual prayers,  
They strongly speak for me!  
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,  
"Nor let that ransom'd sinner die."

98 *For Believers Rejoicing.* IV. § 1.

4 The Father hears him pray,  
His dear anointed One;  
He cannot turn away  
The presence of his Son;  
His Spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells me, I am born of God.

5 My God is reconcil'd,  
His pardoning voice I hear;  
He owns me for his child,  
I can no longer fear:  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And Father, Abba Father, cry!

HYMN 94. [Old German.

**M**y God I am thine, What a comfort divine,  
What a blessing to know that my Jesus  
is mine!

In the heavenly Lamb, thrice happy I am,  
And my heart it doth dance at the sound of  
his name.

2 True pleasures abound In the rapturous  
sound, [found.

And whoever hath found it, hath paradise  
My Jesus to know; And feel his blood flow,  
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below!

3 Yet onward I haste To the heavenly feast:  
That, that is the fulness, but this is the taste.  
And this I shall prove, Till with joy I remove  
To the heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.

HYMN 95. [Hotham. All 7's.

1 **J**ESUS is our common Lord,  
He our loving Saviour is,

# IV. § 1. *For Believers Rejoicing.* 99

By his death to life restor'd,  
Misery we exchange for bliss.  
Bliss by carnal minds unknown:  
O 'tis more than tongue can tell!  
Only to believers known,  
Glorious and unspeakable.

- 2 Christ, our Brother and our Friend,  
Shews us his eternal love;  
Never shall our triumphs end,  
Till we take our seats above.—  
Let us walk with him in white,  
For our bridal-day prepare,  
For our partnership in light,  
For our glorious meeting there!

## HYMN 96. [Dying Stephen.

1. **H** E A D of thy church triumphant,  
We joyfully adore thee;  
Till thou appear,  
Thy members here  
Shall sing like those in glory.  
We lift our hearts and voices  
With blest anticipation:  
And cry aloud,  
And give to God  
The praise of our salvation.
- 2 While in affliction's furnace,  
And passing thro' the fire,  
Thy love we praise,  
In grateful lays,  
And ever brings us nigher.  
We clap our hands exulting  
In thine almighty favour:

100 *For Believers Rejoicing.* IV. § 1.

The love divine  
Which made us thine,

Shall keep us thine for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct thy people  
Thro' torrents of temptation!

Nor will we fear,

While thou art near,

The fire of tribulation:

The world, with sin and Satan,

In vain our march opposes:

By thee we shall

Break thro' them all,

And sing the song of Moses.

4 By faith, we see the glory

To which thou shalt restore us:

The cross despise

For that high prize

Which thou hast set before us:

And if thou count us worthy,

We each, as dying Stephen,

Shall see thee stand,

At God's right-hand,

And take us up to heaven.

HYMN 97. [Cornish. C. M.]

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,  
To be exalted thus:

Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,

For he was slain for us.

IV. § 1. *For Believers Rejoicing.* 101

- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and power divine:  
And blessings more than we can give  
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.
- 5 O might I bear some humble part  
In that immortal song!  
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,  
And love command my tongue.

HYMN 98. [*Birmingham.* 6—8's.

- T**HEE will I love, my strength, my tower,  
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,  
Thee will I love with all my power,  
In all thy works, and thee alone:  
Thee will I love, till the pure fire  
Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.
- 2 Ah! why did I so late thee know,  
Thee, lovelier than the sons of men!  
Ah! why did I no sooner go  
To thee, the only ease in pain?  
Asham'd I sigh and inly mourn,  
'That I so late to thee did turn.
- 3 In darkness willingly I stray'd;  
I sought thee, yet from thee I rov'd:  
Far wide my wand'ring thoughts were spread  
The creatures more than thee I lov'd;  
And now if more at length I see,  
'Tis thro' thy light, and comes from thee.

102 *For Believers Rejoicing.* IV. § 1.

- 4 I thank thee, uncreated Sun,  
That thy bright beams on me have shin'd;  
I thank thee, who hast overthrown  
My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind:  
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice  
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.
- 5 Uphold me in the doubtful race,  
Nor suffer me again to stray;  
Strengthen my feet with steady pace,  
Still to press forward in thy way:  
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,  
Fill, satiate with thy heavenly light.
- 6 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,  
Give to my heart chaste hallow'd fires:  
Give to my soul with filial fears  
The love that all heaven's host inspires:  
That all my powers with all their might  
In thy sole glory may unite.
- 7 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,  
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;  
Thee will I love beneath thy frown,  
Or smile, thy sceptre or thy rod:  
What tho' my flesh and heart decay?  
Thee shall I love in endless day!

HYMN 99. [Evesham. L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,  
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest!  
The glories that compose thy name,  
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,  
Thou art my Father and my God;  
And I am thine by sacred ties,  
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.



IV. §1. *For Believers Rejoicing.* 103

- 3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,  
For thee I long, to thee I look :  
As travellers in thirsty lands  
Pant for the cooling water-brook.
- 4 Even life itself without thy love,  
No lasting pleasures can afford :  
Yea, 'twou'd a tiresome burthen prove,  
If I were banish'd from thee, Lord!
- 5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,  
While I have breath to pray or praise :  
This work shall make my heart rejoice,  
And spend the remnant of my days.

HYMN 100. [Cornish. C. M.

- 1 SING to the great Jehovah's praise :  
All praise to him belongs,  
Who kindly lengthens out our days,  
Demands our choicest songs ;  
Whose providence hath brought us thro'  
Another various year ;  
We all with vows and anthems new,  
Before our God appear.
- 2 Father, thy mercies past we own,  
Thy still continued care,  
To thee, presenting thro' thy Son,  
Whate'er we have or are ;  
Our lips and lives shall gladly show  
The wonders of thy love :  
While on in Jesu's steps we go  
To see thy face above.
- 3 Our residue of days and hours,  
Thine, wholly thine, shall be ;

104 *For Believers Rejoicing.* IV. §1.

And all our consecrated powers

A sacrifice to thee:

Till Jesus in the clouds appear,

To saints on earth forgiven;

And bring the grand sabbatic year,

The jubilee of heaven.

HYMN 101. [*Trumpet.* 4-6's. & 2-8's.

1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow

The gladly solemn sound;

Let all the nations know

To earth's remotest bound,

The year of jubilee is come,

Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus our great High Priest,

Hath full atonement made;

Ye weary spirits rest;

Ye mournful souls be glad:

The year, &c.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,

The all-atoning Lamb;

Redemption in his blood,

Troughout the world proclaim:

The year, &c.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,

Your liberty receive;

And safe in Jesus dwell,

And blest in Jesus live:

The year, &c.

5 Ye who have sold for nought,

Your heritage above,

Shall have it back unbought,

The gift of Jesu's love!

The year, &c.

IV. §1. *For Believers Rejoicing.* 105

6 The gospel-trumpet hear,  
The news of heavenly grace,  
And sav'd from earth, appear  
Before your Saviour's face:  
The year of jubilee is come,  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

HYMN 102. [Dresden. L. M.

- 1 **H**E dies the Friend of sinners, dies!  
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around:  
A solemn darkness veils the skies!  
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!  
Come saints, and drop a tear or two  
For him, who groan'd beneath your load!  
He shed a thousand drops for you,  
A thousand drops of richest blood.
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree:  
The Lord of glory dies for man!  
But, lo! what sudden joys we see,  
Jesus, the dead, revives again!  
The rising God forsakes the tomb:  
(In vain the tomb forbids his rise)  
Cherubic legions guard him home,  
And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell  
How high our great Deliverer reigns;  
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,  
And led the monster death in chains.  
Say, "Live for ever, wond'rous King!  
Born to redeem, and strong to save!  
Then ask the monster—"where's thy sting?  
And where's thy victory, O grave?"

HYMN 103. [Cornish. C. M.]

- 1 **I**NFINITE, unexhausted love!  
     Jesus and love are one:  
     If still to me thy bowels move,  
     They are restrain'd to none.
- 2 What shall I do my God to love!  
     My loving God to praise!  
     The length & breadth, & height to prove,  
     And depth of sov'reign grace?
- 3 Thy sovereign grace to all extends,  
     Immense and unconfin'd:  
     From age to age it never ends,  
     It reaches all mankind.
- 4 Thro'out the world its breadth is known;  
     Wide as infinity!  
     So wide it never pass'd by one,  
     Or it had pass'd by me.
- 5 My trespass was grown up to heaven:  
     But far above the skies,  
     Thro' Christ abundantly forgiven,  
     I see thy mercies rise!
- 6 The depth of all-redeeming love  
     What angel-tongue can tell?  
     O may I to the utmost prove  
     The gift unspeakable:
- 7 Deeper than hell, it pluck'd me thence,  
     Deeper than inbred sin,  
     Jesus's love my heart shall cleanse,  
     When Jesus enters in.
- 8 Come quickly, gracious Lord, and take  
     Possession of thine own!  
     My longing heart vouchsafe to make  
     Thine everlasting throne.

IV. §1. *For Believers Rejoicing.* 107

- 9 Assert thy claim, maintain thy right,  
Come quickly from above,  
And sink me to perfection's height,  
The depth of humble love.

HYMN 104. [Zion.

- 1 **A**LL glory to God in the sky,  
And peace upon earth be restor'd!  
O Jesus, exalted on high,  
Appear our omnipotent Lord!  
Who, meanly in Bethlehem born,  
Didst stoop to redeem a lost race,  
Once more to thy creatures return,  
And reign in thy kingdom of grace.
- 2 When thou in our flesh didst appear,  
All nature acknowledg'd thy birth:  
Arose the acceptable year,  
And heaven was open'd on earth:  
Receiving its Lord from above,  
The world was united to bless  
The Giver of concord and love,  
The Prince and the Author of peace.
- 3 O woud'st thou again be made known,  
Again in thy Spirit descend;  
And set up in each of thine own  
A kingdom that never shall end.  
Thou only art able to bless,  
And make the glad nations obey,  
And bid the dire enmity cease,  
And bow the whole world to thy sway:
- 4 Come then to thy servants again,  
Who long thy appearing to know;

108 *For Believers Rejoicing.* IV. §1.

Thy quiet and peaceable reign  
In mercy establish below :  
All sorrow before thee shall fly,  
And anger and hatred be o'er,  
And envy and malice shall die,  
And discord afflict us no more.

- 5 No horrid alarum of war,  
Shall break our eternal repose :  
No sound of the trumpet is there,  
Where Jesus's Spirit o'erflows ?  
Appeas'd by the charms of thy grace,  
We all shall in amity join ;  
And kindly each other embrace,  
And love with a passion like thine.

HYMN 105. [*Brockmer's.* C. M.

- 1 **O** Thou, to whom all creatures bow  
Within this earthly frame :  
Thro' all the world how great art thou,  
How glorious is thy name !
- 2 In heaven thy wondrous acts are sung,  
Nor fully reckon'd there ;  
And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue  
Thy boundless praise declare.
- 3 When heaven, thy glorious works on high,  
Employ my wond'ring sight ;  
The moon that nightly rules the sky,  
And stars of feeble light :
- 4 What's man, say I, that, Lord, thou lov'st  
To keep him in thy mind ?  
Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st  
To them so wond'rous kind ?

## IV. §1. *For Believers Rejoicing.* 109

HYMN 106. [Cornish. C. M.

- 1 **L**ET every tongue thy goodness speak,  
Thou sovereign Lord of all;  
Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,  
And raise the poor that fall.
- 2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,  
Or virtue lies distrest,  
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,  
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.
- 3 The Lord supports our infant days,  
And guides our giddy youth:  
Holy and just are all thy ways,  
And all thy works are truth.
- 4 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel;  
Thou hear'st thy children's cry;  
And their best wishes to fulfil,  
Thy grace is ever nigh.
- 5 Thy mercy never shall remove  
From men of heart sincere:  
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love  
Is join'd with holy fear.  
My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,  
And spread thy fame abroad;  
Let all the sons of Adam raise  
The honours of their God.

HYMN 107. [113th Psalm. 6-8's.

- 1 **I**'LL praise my Maker, while I've breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.

110 *For Believers Rejoicing*, IV. §1.

- 2 Happy the man, whose hopes rely  
On Israel's God; he made the sky,  
And earth and seas, with all their train:  
His truth for ever stands secure,  
He saves th' opprest, he feeds the poor,  
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind,  
The Lord supports the fainting mind:  
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace:  
He helps the stranger in distress,  
The widow and the fatherless,  
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.

HYMN 108. [Kettleby's. L. M.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise  
Our hearts and voices in his praise;  
His nature and his works invite  
To make this duty our delight.
- 2 He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames:  
He counts their number, calls their names:  
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,  
A deep, where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 3 Sing to the Lord; exalt him high,  
Who spreads his clouds around the sky!  
There he prepares the fruitful rain,  
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.



# IV. §1. *For Believers Rejoicing.* 111

- 4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,  
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;  
The beasts with food his hands supply,  
And the young ravens when they cry.
- 5 What is the creature's skill or force,  
The sprightly man, or warlike horse?  
The piercing wit, the active limb,  
All are too mean delights for him.
- 6 But saints are lovely in his sight,  
He views his children with delight!  
He sees their hope, he knows their fear:  
And looks, and loves his image there.

HYMN 109. [Hallelujah. C. M.]

**P**RAISE ye the Lord, ye immortal choirs,  
That fill the realms above:

Praise him who form'd you of his fires,  
And feeds you with his love.

- 2 Sing to his praise, ye crystal skies,  
The floor of his abode;  
Or veil in shades your thousand eyes,  
Before your brighter God.

- 3 Thou restless globe of golden light,  
Whose beams create our days,  
Join with the silver queen of night,  
To own your borrow'd rays.

- 4 Winds, ye shall bear his name abroad  
Thro' the ethereal blue:  
For when his chariot is a cloud,  
He makes his wheels of you.

- 5 Thunder and hail, and fire and storms,  
The troops of his command,

112 *For Believers Rejoicing.* IV. § L.

Appear in all your dreadful forms,  
And speak his awful hand.

6 Shout to the Lord ye surging seas,  
In your eternal roar :

Let wave to wave resound his praise,  
And shore reply to shore.

7 While monsters sporting on the flood,  
In scaly silver shine,

Speak terribly their Maker-God,  
And lash the foaming brine.

8 But gentler things shall tune his Name  
To softer notes than these ;

Young zephyrs breaking o'er the stream,  
Or whispering thro' the trees.

9 Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,  
To him that bids you grow !

Sweet clusters bend the fruitful vines  
On every thankful bough.

10 Let the shrill birds his honours raise,  
And climb the morning sky :

While groveling beasts attempt his praise  
In hoarser harmony.

11 Thus while the meaner creatures sing,  
Ye mortals take the sound !

Echo the glories of your King,  
Thro' all the nations round.

HYMN 110. [Canon. L. M.

1 JESUS, thou everlasting King,  
Accept the tribute which we bring:  
Accept the well-deserv'd renown,  
And wear our praises as thy crown.

IV. §1. *For Believers Rejoicing.* 113

2 Let every act of worship be,  
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee :  
Like the blest hour, when from above  
We first receiv'd the pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,  
O may it ever, ever stay !  
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,  
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold !

4 Each following minute as it flies  
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,  
Till we are rais'd to sing thy name  
At the great supper of the Lamb.

HYMN 111. [Trinity. C. M.]

1 **F**ATHER, how wide thy glory shines,  
How high thy wonders rise ;  
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,  
By thousands thro' the skies ;  
Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,  
Their motions speak thy skill ;  
And on the wings of every hour  
We read thy patience still.

2 Part of thy name divinely stands,  
On all thy creatures writ ;  
They shew the labour of thy hands,  
Or impress of thy feet :  
But when we view thy strange design  
To save rebellious worms,  
Where vengeance and compassion join  
In their divinest forms :

3 Here the whole Deity is known,  
Nor dares a creature guess

114 *For Believers Rejoicing.* IV. §1.

Which of the glories brightest shone,  
The justice or the grace.  
Now the full glories of the Lamb  
Adorn the heavenly plains ;  
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,  
And try their choicest strains.

- 4 O may I bear some humble part  
In that immortal song :  
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,  
And love command my tongue.  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Who sweetly all agree  
To save a world of sinners lost,  
Eternal glory be.

HYMN 112. [Salisbury. All 7's.

- 1 **G**LORY be to God on high,  
God whose glory fills the sky :  
Peace on earth to man forgiven,  
Man the well-belov'd of heaven.
- 2 Sov'reign Father, heav'nly King,  
Thee we now presume to sing :  
Glad thine attributes confess,  
Glorious all and numberless.
- 3 Hail, by all thy works ador'd ;  
Hail, the everlasting Lord :  
Thee, with thankful hearts we prove,  
Lord of power, and God of love !
- 4 Christ, our Lord and God, we own ;  
Christ, the Father's only Son :  
Lamb of God for sinners slain,  
Saviour of offending man.

IV. §1. *For Believers Rejoicing.* 115

- 5 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,  
Hear, the world's Atonement thou:  
Jesus, in thy name we pray,  
Take, O take our sins away.
- 6 Powerful Advocate with God,  
Justify us by thy blood!  
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,  
Hear, the world's Atonement thou.
- 7 Hear, for thou, O Christ, alone,  
With thy glorious Sire art one;  
One the Holy Ghost with thee,  
One, supreme, eternal Three.

HYMN 113. [Stanton. L. M.]

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,  
Let the Creator's praise arise:  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,  
Thro' every land, by every tongue.  
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,  
Eternal truth attends thy word,  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

- 2 Your lofty themes, ye mortals bring,  
In songs of praise divinely sing!  
The great salvation loud proclaim,  
And shout for joy the Saviour's name:  
In every land begin the song;  
To every land the strains belong;  
In cheerful sounds your voices raise,  
And fill the world with loudest praise.

HYMN 114. [Evesham. L. M.]

- 1 **H**ow do thy mercies close me round!  
For ever be thy name ador'd;

116 *For Believers Rejoicing.* IV. §1.

I blush in all things to abound !

The servant is above his Lord !

2 Inur'd to poverty and pain,

A suffering life my Master led :

The Son of God, the Son of Man,

He had not where to lay his head.

3 But, lo ! a place he hath prepar'd

For me, whom watchful angels keep ;

Yea, he himself becomes my guard :

He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

4 Jesus protects, my fears be gone !

What, can the Rock of Ages move ?

Safe in thine arms I lay me down,

Thy everlasting arms of love.

5 While thou art intimately nigh,

Who, who shall violate my rest ?

Sin, earth, and hell, I now defy ;

I lean upon my Saviour's breast.

6 I rest beneath the Almighty's shade,

My griefs expire, my troubles cease ;

Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stay'd,

Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

7 Me for thine own thou lov'st to take

In time and in eternity :

Thou never, never wilt forsake

A helpless worm that trusts in thee.

**HYMN 115.** [*Resurrection.* 4-6's. & 2-8's.

1 **G**OD of my life, to thee

My cheerful soul I raise :

Thy goodness bade me be,

And still prolongs my days ;

IV. §1. *For Believers Rejoicing.* 117

I see my natal hour return,  
And bless the day that I was born.

2 A clod of living earth,  
I glorify thy Name,  
From whom alone my birth  
And all my blessings came;  
Creating and preserving grace,  
Let all that is within me praise.

3 Long as I live beneath,  
To thee, O let me live!  
To thee my every breath  
In thanks and praises give:  
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,  
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

4 My soul and all its powers  
Thine, wholly thine shall be:  
All, all my happy hours  
I consecrate to thee:  
Me to thine image now restore,  
And I shall praise thee evermore.

5 I wait thy will to do,  
As angels do in heaven!  
In Christ a creature new,  
Eternally forgiven;  
I wait thy perfect will to prove,  
All sanctified by spotless love.

6 Then, when the work is done,  
The work of faith with power,  
Receive thy favour'd son,  
In death's triumphant hour:  
Like Moses to thyself convey,  
And kiss my raptur'd soul away.

HYMN 116. [Built.]

- 1 **A**WAY with our fears,  
The glad morning appears,  
When an heir of salvation was born!  
From Jehovah I came, For his glory I am,  
And to him I with singing return.
- 2 Thee, Jesus alone, The fountain I own  
Of my life and felicity here:  
And cheerfully sing My Redeemer & King,  
Till his sign in the heavens appear.
- 3 With thanks I rejoice In thy fatherly  
Of my state and condition below: [choice  
If of parents I came, 'who honour'd thy  
'Twas thy wisdom appointed it so. [name,
- 4 I sing of thy grace, From my earliest days  
Ever near to allure and defend; [sin,  
Hitherto thou hast been My preserver from  
And I trust thou wilt save to the end.
- 5 O the infinite cares & temptations & snares  
Thy hand hath conducted me thro':  
O the blessings bestow'd By a bountiful God,  
And the mercies eternally new! [bliss,
- 6 What a mercy is this, What a heaven of  
How unspeakably happy am I;  
Gather'd into the fold, With thy people in-  
With thy people to live & to die! [roll'd,
- 7 O the goodness of God, Employing a clod  
His tribute of glory to raise! [clare,  
His standard to bear, And with triumph de-  
His unspeakable riches of grace! [prove,
- 8 O the fathomless love, that has deign'd to ap-  
And prosper the work of my hands; [brook,  
With my pastoral crook, I went over the  
And behold! I am spread into bands!



IV. § 1. *For Believers Rejoicing.* 119

9 Who, I ask in amaze, hath begotten me these  
And inquire from what quarter they came?

My full heart it replies, They are born from the  
And give glory to God & the Lamb, [skies,

10 All honour & praise; To the Father of grace  
To the Spirit, and Son, I return!

The business pursue he hath made me to do,  
And rejoice, that I ever was born.

11 In a rapture of joy, my life I employ  
The God of my life to proclaim:

'Tis worth living for this, To administer bliss,  
And salvation in Jesus's name.

12 My remnant of days I spend in his praise,  
Who died the whole world to redeem;

Be they many or few, my days are his due,  
And they all are devoted to him.

HYMN 116. \* [*Handel's March.* S. M.]

1 **A**WAY my needless fears  
And doubts no longer mine;

A ray of heavenly light appears,  
A messenger divine:

Thrice comfortable hope  
That calms my troubled breast,

My FATHER's hand prepares the cup,  
And what he wills is best.

2 If what I wish is good,  
And suits the Will divine,

By earth and hell in vain withstood,  
I know it shall be mine:

Still let them counsel take  
To frustrate his decree:

They cannot keep a blessing back,  
By heav'n design'd for me.

120 *For Believers Rejoicing.* IV. § 1.

3 Here then, I doubt no more,  
But in his pleasure rest,  
Whose Wisdom, Love, and Truth & Power,  
Engage to make me blest;  
T' accomplish his design,  
The creatures all agree;  
And all the attributes divine,  
Are now at work for me.

HYMN 117. [Cockham. All 7's.

**M**EET and right it is to praise  
God, the giver of all grace;  
God, whose mercies are bestow'd  
On the evil and the good.  
He prevents his creatures' call,  
Kind and merciful to all,  
Makes his sun on sinners rise;  
Showers his blessings from the skies.

2 Least of all thy creatures we  
Daily thy salvation see,  
As by heav'nly manna fed,  
Thro' a world of dangers led,  
Thro' a wilderness of cares,  
Thro' ten thousand, thousand snares:  
More than now our hearts conceive,  
More than we cou'd know, and live;

3 By our bosom-foe beset,  
Taken in the fowler's net;  
Passion's unresisted prey;  
Oft within the toils we lay;  
Sleeping on the brink of sin,  
Tophet gap'd to take us in:  
Mercy to our rescue flew,  
Broke the snare and brought us thro'.

IV. § 1. *For Believers Rejoicing.* 121

4 Here, as in the lion's den,  
Undevour'd we still remain:  
Pass secure the watry flood,  
Hanging on the arm of God:  
Here, we raise our voices higher,  
Shout in the refiner's fire!  
Clap our hands amidst the flame,  
Glory give to Jesu's name.

5 Jesu's name, in Satan's hour,  
Stands our adamantine tower,  
Jesus doth his own defend,  
Love, and save us to the end.  
Love shall make us persevere,  
Till our conquering Lord appear,  
Bear us to our thrones above,  
Crown us with his heavenly love.

HYMN 118. [*Hamilton's 7's. & 6's.*]

1 **T**HOU, my God, art good and wise,  
And infinite in power:  
Thee, let all in earth or skies  
Continually adore!

Give me thy converting grace,  
That I may obedient prove,  
Serve my Maker all my days,  
And my Redeemer love.

2 For my life, and clothes, and food,  
And every comfort here,  
Thee, my most indulgent God,  
I thank with heart sincere:  
For the blessings numberless,  
Which thou hast already given,  
For my smallest spark of grace,  
And for my hope of heaven.

122 *For Believers Rejoicing.* IV. § 1

- 3 Gracious God, my sins forgive,  
And thy good Spirit impart!  
Then I shall in thee believe  
With all my loving heart;  
Always unto Jesus look,  
Him in heavenly glory see,  
Who my cause hath undertook,  
And ever prays for me.
- 4 Grace in answer to his prayer,  
And every grace bestow,  
That I may with zealous care  
Perform thy will below;  
Rooted in humility,  
Still in every state resign'd,  
Plant, Almighty Lord, in me  
A meek and lowly mind.
- 5 Poor and vile in mine own eyes,  
With self-abasing shame,  
Still I would myself despise,  
And magnify thy name:  
Thee let every creature bless,  
Praise to God alone be given,  
God alone deserves the praise;  
Of all in earth or heaven.

HYMN 119. [*Athlone.* L. M.]

- 1 **M**Y soul thro' my Redeemer's care,  
Sav'd from the second death I feel!  
My eyes from tears of dark despair,  
My feet from falling into hell.
- 2 Wherefore to him my feet shall run:  
My eyes on his perfections gaze:  
My soul shall live for God alone,  
And all within me shout his praise.

IV. § 1. *For Believers Rejoicing.* 123

HYMN 120. [Wenno, C. M.]

- 1 **T**HY ceaseless, unexhausted love,  
Unmerited and free,  
Delights our evils to remove,  
And helps our misery.  
Thou waitest to be gracious still :  
Thou dost with sinners bear,  
That, sav'd, we may thy goodness feel,  
And all thy grace declare.
- 2 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,  
To every soul abound ;  
A vast, unfathomable sea,  
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.  
Its streams the whole creation reach,  
So plenteous is the store ;  
Enough for all, enough for each,  
Enough for evermore !
- 3 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are,  
A rock that cannot move :  
A thousand promises declare  
Thy constancy of love.  
Throughout the universe it reigns  
Unalterably sure :  
And while the truth of God remains,  
The goodness must endure.

HYMN 121. [Aldrich, C. M.]

- 1 **C**OME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One God in Persons Three :  
Bring back the heavenly blessing, lost  
By all mankind and me.
- 2 Thy favour and thy nature too  
To me, to all restore :  
Forgive, and after God renew,  
And keep us evermore.

124 *For Believers Fighting.* IV. § 2.

- 3 Eternal Sun of Righteousness,  
Display thy beams divine !  
And cause the glories of thy face  
Upon my heart to shine.
- 4 Light in thy light, O may I see ;  
Thy grace and mercy prove !  
Reviv'd, and cheer'd, and blest by thee,  
The God of pardoning love.
- 5 Lift up thy countenance serene,  
And let thy happy child  
Behold, without a cloud between,  
The Godhead reconcil'd.
- 6 That all comprising peace bestow,  
On me thro' grace forgiven :  
The joys of holiness below,  
And then the joys of heaven !

§ 2. *For Believers Fighting.*

**HYMN 122.** [Olney. S. M.]

O May thy powerful word  
Inspire a feeble worm  
To rush into thy kingdom, Lord,  
And take it as by storm !  
O may we all improve  
The grace already given,  
To seize the crown of perfect love,  
And scale the mount of heaven !

**HYMN 123.** [*Handel's-March.* S. M.]

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,  
And put your armour on,  
Strong in the strength which God supplies  
Thro' his eternal Son ;

Strong in the Lord of hosts,  
And in his mighty power,  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,  
Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand then in his great might,  
With all his strength endu'd,  
But take to arm you for the fight,  
The Panoply of God:  
That having all things done,  
And all your conflicts past,  
Ye may o'ercome thro' Christ alone,  
And stand entire at last.

3 Stand then against your foes  
In close and firm array:  
Legions of wily fiends oppose  
Throughout the evil day;  
But meet the sons of night,  
But mock their vain design,  
Arm'd in the arms of heavenly light,  
Of righteousness divine.

4 Leave no unguarded place,  
No weakness of the soul:  
Take every virtue, every grace  
And fortify the whole:  
Indissolubly join'd,  
To battle all proceed;  
But arm yourselves with all the mind,  
That was in Christ your head.

HYMN 124. [*Handel's-March.* S. M.]

1 **B**UT above all, lay hold  
On faith's victorious shield;  
Arm'd with that adamant and gold,  
Be sure to win the field;

126 *For Believers Fighting.* IV. § 2.

If faith surround your heart,  
Satan shall be subdu'd,  
Repell'd his every fiery dart,  
And quench'd with Jesu's blood.

2 Jesus hath died for you !

Who can his love withstand ?

Believe ! hold fast your shield, and who  
Shall pluck you from his hand ?

Believe that Jesus reigns,  
All power to him is given ;

Believe, till freed from sin's remains,  
Believe yourselves to heaven.

3 To keep your armour bright,  
Attend with constant care ;

Still walking in your Captain's sight,  
And watching unto prayer ;  
Ready for all alarms,  
Stedfastly set your face,

And always exercise your arms  
And use your every grace.

4 Pray, without ceasing pray,  
(Your Captain gives the word,)

His summons cheerfully obey  
And call upon the Lord ;  
To God your every want  
In instant prayer display :

Pray always ; pray and never faint :  
Pray, without ceasing pray.

HYMN 125. [*Handel's-March.* S. M.

1 **I**N fellowship alone,

To God with faith draw near ;  
Approach his courts, besiege his throne  
With all the powers of prayer :



IV. § 2. *For Believers Fighting.* 127

Go to his temple, go,  
Nor from his altar move.

Let every house his worship know,  
And every heart his love.

2 To God your spirits dart,  
Your souls in words declare,  
Or groan to him, who reads the heart,  
The unutterable prayer:  
His mercy now implore,  
And now shew forth his praise  
In shouts, or silent awe adore  
His miracles of grace.

3 Pour out your souls to God,  
And bow them with your kness,  
And spread your hearts and hands abroad,  
And pray for Sion's peace;  
Your guides and brethren bear  
For ever on your mind,  
Extend the arms of mighty prayer  
In grasping all mankind.

4 From strength to strength go on,  
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;  
Tread all the powers of darkness down,  
And win the well-fought day:  
Still let the Spirit cry  
In all his soldiers, "Come,"  
Till Christ the Lord descends from high,  
And takes the conquerors home.

HYMN 126. [ *Amsterdam.* 7's. & 6's.

1 **O** Almighty God of love,  
Thy holy arm display:  
Send me succour from above  
In this my evil day

Arm my weakness with thy power,  
Woman's Seed appear within;  
Be my safeguard and my tower  
Against the face of sin.

2 Cou'd I of thy strength take hold,  
And always feel thee near;  
Confident, divinely bold,  
My soul wou'd scorn to fear:  
Nothing shou'd my firmness shock,  
Tho' the gates of hell assail,  
Were I built upon the rock,  
They never cou'd prevail.

3 Rock of my salvation, haste,  
Extend thy ample shade,  
Let it over me be cast,  
And skreen my naked head:  
Save me from the trying hour;  
Thou my sure protection be;  
Shelter me from Satan's power,  
Till I am fixt on thee.

4 Set upon thyself my feet,  
And make me surely stand;  
From temptation's rage and heat  
Cover me with thy hand:  
Let me in the cleft be plac'd;  
Never from my fence remove;  
In thine arms of love embrac'd,  
Of everlasting love.

HYMN 127.

[*Evesham.* L. M.]

1 COME, Saviour, Jesus, from above,  
Assist me with thy heavenly grace,

**IV. § 2. *For Believers Fighting.* 129**

Empty my heart of earthly love,  
And for thyself prepare the place.  
O let thy sacred presence fill,  
And set my longing spirit free,  
Which pants to have no other will,  
But night and day to feast on thee.

2 While in this region here below,  
No other good will I pursue:  
I'll bid this world of noise and show,  
With all its glittering snares adieu.  
That path with humble speed I'll seek,  
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine;  
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak  
Of any other love but thine.

3 Henceforth may no profane delight  
Divide this consecrated soul;  
Possess it thou, who hast the right,  
As Lord and Master of the whole.  
Wealth, honour, pleasure, and what else  
This short enduring world can give;  
Tempt as ye will, my soul repels,  
To Christ alone resolv'd to live.

4 Thee I can love, and thee alone  
With pure delight and inward bliss:  
To know thou tak'st me for thine own,  
O what a happiness is this!  
Nothing on earth do I desire,  
But thy pure love within my breast;  
This, only this, will I require,  
And freely give up all the rest.

130 *For Believers Fighting.* IV. § 2.

**HYMN 128.** [*Plymouth.* All 7's.

- 1 **S**ON of God, thy blessing grant,  
Still supply my ev'ry want;  
Tree of life, thy influence shed,  
With thy sap my spirit feed.
- 2 Tenderest branch, alas! am I,  
Wither without thee and die,  
Weak as helpless infancy:  
O confirm my soul in thee.
- 3 Unsustain'd by thee I fall:  
Send the help for which I call,  
Weaker than a bruised reed,  
Help I ev'ry moment need.
- 4 All my hopes on thee depend;  
Love me, save me to the end:  
Give me thy continuing grace;  
Take the everlasting praise.

**HYMN 129.** [*Chapel.* 4-8's & 2-6's.

- 1 **O** God, thy faithfulness I plead,  
My present help in time of need,  
My great Deliverer thou,  
Haste to my aid! thy ear incline,  
And rescue this poor soul of mine;  
I claim the promise now!
- 2 Where is the way? Ah, shew me where,  
That I thy mercy may declare,  
The power that sets me free:  
How can I my destruction shun?  
How can I from my nature run?  
Answer, O God, for me.

IV. § 2. *For Believers Fighting.* 131

- 3 One only way the erring mind  
Of man, short-sighted man, can find  
From inbred sin to fly;  
Stronger than love, I fondly thought,  
Death, only death can cut the knot,  
Which love can not untie.
- 4 But thou, O Lord, art full of grace.  
Thy love can find a thousand ways,  
To foolish man unknown:  
My soul upon thy love I cast;  
I rest me, till the storm is past,  
Upon thy love alone.
- 5 Thy faithful, wise, and mighty love,  
Shall every stumbling-block remove,  
And make an open way:  
Thy love shall burst the shades of death,  
And bear me from the gulph beneath  
To everlasting day.

HYMN 130.

[*Fulham.* L. M.]

- 1 **G**OD of my life, whose gracious pow'r  
Thro' varied deaths my soul hath led:  
Or turn'd aside the fatal hour,  
Or lifted up my sinking head!
- 2 In all my ways thy hand I own,  
Thy ruling Providence I see;  
Assist me still my course to run,  
And still direct my paths to thee.
- 3 Oft has the sea confest thy power,  
And gave me back at thy command;  
It could not, Lord, my life devour,  
Safe in the hollow of thine hand.

132 *For Believers Fighting.* IV. § 2.

- 4 Oft from the margin of the grave,  
Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head:  
Sudden I found thee near to save:  
The fever own'd thy touch and fled.
- 5 Whither, O whither shou'd I fly,  
But to my loving Saviour's breast:  
Secure within thine arms to lie,  
And safe beneath thy wings to rest?
- 6 I have no skill the snare to shun,  
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art;  
I ever into ruin run;  
But thou art greater than my heart.
- 7 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,  
Lead me a way I have not known:  
Bring me, where I my heaven may find,  
The heaven of loving thee alone.
- 8 Enlarge my heart to make thee room:  
Enter, and in me ever stay;  
The crooked then shall straight become,  
The darkness shall be lost in day!

HYMN 131. [Kingswood. 7's & 6's.

ISAIAH xxxii. 2.

- 1 **T**O the haven of thy breast,  
O Son of Man, I fly:  
Be my refuge and my rest,  
For, O! the storm is high!  
Save me from the furious blast,  
A covert from the tempest be:  
Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpast  
The storm of sin I see.

IV. § 2. *For Believers Fighting.* 133

2 Welcome as the water-spring  
To a dry barren place:  
O descend on me and bring  
Thy sweet refreshing grace:  
O'er a parch'd and weary land,  
As a great rock extends its shade;  
Hide me, Saviour, with thine hand,  
And skreen my naked head.

3 In the time of my distress  
Thou hast my succour been,  
In my utter helplessness  
Restraining me from sin:  
O! how swiftly didst thou move  
To save me in the trying hour!  
Still protect me with thy love,  
And shield me with thy power,

4 First and last in me perform  
The work thou hast begun:  
Plead the atonement of thy blood,  
Till I am cleans'd from sin;  
Weary, parch'd with thirst, and faint,  
Till thou the abiding Spirit breathe;  
Every moment, Lord, I want  
The merit of thy death.

5 Never shall I want it less,  
When thou the gift hast given,  
Fill'd me with thy righteousness,  
And seal'd the heir of heaven:  
I shall hang upon my God,  
Till I thy perfect glory see,  
Till the sprinkling of thy blood  
Shall speak me up to thee.

# 134 *For Believers Praying.* IV. § 3.

## § 3. *For Believers Praying.*

HYMN 132. [Mourners. 6-8's.]

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou sovereign Lord of all,  
The same thro' one eternal day,  
Attend thy feeblest followers call,  
And, O instruct us how to pray!  
Pour out the supplicating grace,  
And stir us up to seek thy face!
- 2 We cannot think a gracious thought,  
We cannot feel a good desire,  
Till thou, who call'dst a world from nought,  
The power into our hearts inspire;  
And then we in thy Spirit groan,  
And then we give thee back thy own.
- 3 Jesus, regard the joint complaint  
Of all thy tempted followers here!  
And now supply the common want,  
And send us down the Comforter:  
The Spirit of ceaseless prayer impart,  
And fix thy agent in our heart.
- 4 To help our souls' infirmity,  
To heal thy sin-sick people's care,  
To urge our God-commanding plea,  
And make our hearts a house of prayer:  
The promis'd Intercessor give,  
And let us now thyself receive.
- 5 Come in thy pleading Spirit down  
To us, who for thy coming stay!  
Of all thy gifts we ask but one,  
We ask the constant power to pray:  
Indulge us, Lord, in this request!  
Thou canst not then deny the rest.



IV. § 3. *For Believers Praying.* 135

HYMN 133.

[*Brentford.* S. M.]

- 1 **T**HE praying spirit breathe,  
The watching power impart;  
From all entanglements beneath  
Call off my peaceful heart:  
My feeble mind sustain,  
By worldly thoughts oppress:  
Appear, and bid me turn again  
To my eternal rest.
- 2 Swift to my rescue come,  
Thy own this moment seize:  
Gather my wandering spirit home,  
And keep in perfect peace:  
Suffer'd no more to rove  
O'er all the earth abroad,  
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,  
And shut me up in God.

HYMN 134.

[*Brook's.* C. M.]

- 1 **S**HEPHERD divine, our wants relieve  
In this our evil day;  
To all thy tempted followers give  
The power to watch and pray.
- 2 Long as our fiery trials last,  
Long as the cross we bear:  
Oh! let our souls on thee be cast  
In never-ceasing prayer.
- 3 The Spirit of interceding grace  
Give us in faith to claim!  
To wrestle till we see thy face,  
And know thy hidden name.
- 4 Till thou thy perfect love impart,  
Till thou thyself bestow:  
Be this the cry of every heart,  
I will not let thee go.

136 *For Believers Praying.* IV. § 3.

- 5 I will not let thee go, unless  
Thou tell thy name to me;  
With all thy great salvation bless,  
And make me all like thee.
- 6 Then let me on the mountain-top  
Behold thy open face;  
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,  
And prayer in endless praise.

HYMN 135. [Sheffield. 6-8's.

- 1 **O** Wond'rous power of faithful prayer!  
What tongue can tell the almighty  
God's hands or bound or open are, [grace,  
As Moses or Elijah prays;  
Let Moses in the Spirit groan,  
And God cries out, "Let me alone!"
- 2 Let me alone, that all my wrath  
May rise the wicked to consume!  
While justice hears thy praying faith,  
It cannot seal the sinner's doom:  
My Son is in my servant's prayer,  
And Jesus forces me to spare."
- 3 O blessed word of gospel-grace,  
Which now we for our Israel plead:  
A faithless and backsliding race,  
Whom thou hast out of Egypt freed;  
O do not then in wrath chastise,  
Nor let thy whole displeasure rise!
- 4 Father, we ask in Jesu's name,  
In Jesu's power and spirit pray,  
Divert thy vengeful thunder's aim!  
O turn thy threatening wrath away:  
Our guilt and punishment remove,  
And magnify thy pardoning love!

IV. § 3. *For Believers Praying.* 137

5 Father, regard thy pleading Son,  
Accept his all-availing prayer;  
And send a peaceful answer down  
In honour of our Spokesman there;  
Whose blood proclaims our sins forgiven,  
And speaks thy rebels up to heaven.

HYMN 136. [Brentford. S. M.]

1 **J**ESUS, I fain wou'd find  
Thy zeal for God in me:  
Thy yearning pity for mankind,  
Thy burning charity.  
In me thy Spirit dwell!  
In me thy bowels move!  
So shall the fervour of my zeal  
Be the pure flame of love.

HYMN 137. [Olney. S. M.]

1 **J**ESU, my strength, my hope,  
On thee I cast my care!  
With humble confidence look up,  
And know thou hear'st my prayer.  
Give me on thee to wait,  
Till I can all things do;  
On thee almighty to create,  
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind.  
A self-renouncing will.  
That tramples down, and casts behind  
The baits of pleasing ill;  
A soul inur'd to pain,  
To hardship, grief, and loss;  
Bold to take up, firm to sustain  
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,  
A quick-discerning eye  
That looks to thee when sin is near,  
And sees the tempter fly.  
A spirit still prepar'd,  
And arm'd with jealous care,  
For ever standing on its guard,  
And watching unto prayer.

4 I want a heart to pray,  
To pray and never cease :  
Never to murmur at thy stay,  
Or wish my sufferings less.  
This blessing above all,  
Always to pray I want,  
Out of the deep on thee to call,  
And never, never faint.

5 I want a true regard,  
A single, steady aim,  
Unmov'd by threat'ning or reward  
To thee and thy great name :  
A jealous, just concern  
For thine immortal praise ;  
A pure desire, that all may learn  
And glorify thy grace.

6 I rest upon thy word,  
The promise is for me :  
My succour, and salvation, Lord,  
Shall surely come from thee :  
But let me still abide,  
Nor from my hope remove,  
Till thou my patient spirit guide  
Into thy perfect love.

IV. § 4. *For Believers Watching.* 139

§ 4. *For Believers Watching.*

HYMN 138. [St. Paul's. C. M.]

- 1 **M**Y drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?  
Awake my sluggish soul:  
Nothing hath half thy work to do:  
Yet nothing's half so dull.
- 2 Go to the ants: For one poor grain  
See how they toil and strive;  
But we who have a heaven to' obtain,  
How negligent we live!
- 3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,  
And stars their courses move;  
We, for whose guard, the angel-bands  
Come flying from above:
- 4 We, for whom God the Son came down,  
And labour'd for our good;  
How careless to secure the crown  
He purchas'd with his blood!
- 5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,  
And never act our parts?  
Come, Holy Dove, from the' heavenly hill  
And warm our frozen hearts.
- 6 Give us with active warmth to move,  
With vigorous souls to rise;  
With hands of faith and wings of love  
To fly and take the prize.

HYMN 139. [Brentford. S. M.]

- 1 **A** Charge to keep I have:  
A God to glorify;  
A never-dying soul to save  
And fit it for the sky;

## 140 *For Believers Watching.* IV. §4.

To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfil;  
O may it all my powers engage  
To do my Master's will.  
2 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in thy sight to live;  
And, O thy servant, Lord, prepare  
A strict account to give;  
Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely;  
Assur'd if I my trust betray,  
I shall for ever die.

HYMN 140. [Brockmer's. C. M.

1 **G**OD of all grace and majesty,  
Supremely great and good,  
If I have favour found with thee,  
Thro' the atoning blood:  
The guard of all thy mercies give,  
And to my pardon join  
A fear lest I should ever grieve  
The gracious Spirit divine.  
2 If mercy is indeed with thee,  
May I obedient prove,  
Nor e'er abuse my liberty,  
Or sin against thy love;  
This choicest fruit of faith bestow  
On a poor sojourner;  
And let me pass my days below  
In humbleness and fear.  
3 Rather I wou'd in darkness mourn,  
The absence of thy peace,  
Than e'er by light irreverence turn  
Thy grace to wantonness:

IV. §4. *For Believers Watching.* 141

Rather I wou'd in painful awe,  
Beneath thine anger move,  
Than sin against the gospel-law  
Of liberty and love.

4 But, Oh! thou wou'd'st not have me live  
In bondage, grief, or pain;  
Thou dost not take delight to grieve  
The helpless sons of men:  
Thy will is my salvation, Lord,  
And let it now take place;  
And let me tremble at thy word  
Of reconciling grace.

5 Still may I walk as in thy sight,  
My strict Observer see;  
And thou, by reverent love unite  
My child-like heart to thee.  
Still let me, till my days are past,  
At Jesu's feet abide;  
So shall he lift me up at last,  
And seat me by his side.

HYMN 141. [Brook's. C. M.]

1 II Want a principle within,  
Of jealous, godly fear;  
A sensibility of sin,  
A pain to feel it near.

2 That I from thee no more may part,  
No more thy goodness grieve;  
The filial awe, the contrite heart,  
The tender conscience give.

3 Quick as the apple of an eye,  
O God, my conscience make;  
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,  
And keep it still awake.

142 *For Believers Watching.* IV. §4.

- 4 If to the right or left I stray,  
That moment, Lord, reprove;  
And let me weep my life away,  
For having griev'd thy love.
- 5 Oh! may the least omission pain  
My well-instructed soul,  
And drive me to the blood again,  
Which makes the wounded whole.

HYMN 142. [Wood's. 4-8's. & 2-6's.

- 1 **H**ELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly,  
And still my tempted soul stand by,  
Throughout the evil day!  
The sacred watchfulness impart,  
And keep the issues of my heart,  
And stir me up to pray.
- 2 My soul with thy whole armour arm:  
In each approach of sin alarm,  
And shew the danger near:  
Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,  
And fill with godly jealousy,  
And sanctifying fear.
- 3 Whene'er my careless hands hang down,  
Oh! let me see thy gathering frown,  
And feel thy warning eye;  
And starting cry from ruin's brink,  
Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink,  
Oh save me, or I die!
- 4 If near the pit I rashly stray,  
Before I wholly fall away,  
The keen conviction dart!  
Recall me by that pitying look,  
That kind, upbraiding glance which broke  
Unfaithful Peter's heart.



IV. §4. *For Believers Watching.* 143

- 5 In me thine utmost mercy show,  
And make me like thyself below,  
Unblamable in grace;  
Ready prepar'd and fitted here,  
By perfect holiness t' appear  
Before thy glorious face.

HYMN 143.

[*Istington.* L. M.]

- 1 **J**ESU, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
On whom I cast my every care;  
On whom for all things I depend,  
Inspire and then accept my prayer.
- 2 If I have tasted of thy grace,  
The grace that sure salvation brings;  
If with me now thy Spirit stays,  
And hovering hides me in his wings:
- 3 Still let him with my weakness stay,  
Nor for a moment's space depart,  
Evil and danger turn away,  
And keep till he renews my heart.
- 4 When to the right or left I stray,  
His voice behind me may I hear,  
"Return, and walk in Christ thy way,  
Fly back to Christ! for sin is near."
- 5 His sacred unction from above  
Be still my comforter and guide,  
Till all the stony he remove,  
And in my loving heart reside.
- 6 Jesus, I fain wou'd walk with thee,  
From nature's every path retreat;  
Thou art my way, my leader be,  
And set upon the rock my feet.

144 *For Believers Watching.* IV. §4.

- 7 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall;  
Oh! reach me out thy gracious hand;  
Only on thee for help I call;  
Only by faith in thee I stand.

HYMN 144. [*Islington.* L. M.]

- 1 **P**IERCE, fill me with an humble fear;  
My utter helplessness reveal;  
Satan and sin are always near,  
Thee may I always nearer feel.
- 2 Oh! that to thee my constant mind  
Might with an even flame aspire!  
Pride in its earliest motions find,  
And mark the risings of desire.
- 3 Oh! that my tender soul might fly  
The first abhorr'd approach of ill:  
Quick as the apple of an eye  
The slightest touch of sin to feel!
- 4 Till thou anew my soul create;  
Still may I strive, and watch, and pray;  
Humbly and confidently wait,  
And long to see the perfect day.

HYMN 145. [*Handel's March.* S. M.]

- 1 **H**ARK! how the watchmen cry!  
Attend the trumpet's sound;  
Stand to your arms! the foe is nigh!  
The powers of hell surround!  
Who bow to Christ's command,  
Your arms and hearts prepare;  
The day of battle is at hand!  
Go forth to glorious war.
- 2 See on the mountain-top,  
The standard of your God;

**IV. §4. For Believers Watching. 145**

In Jesu's name I lift it up,  
All stain'd with hallow'd blood.  
His standard-bearer I  
To all the nations call:

Let all to Jesu's cross draw nigh!  
He bore the cross for all.

3 Go up with Christ your head,  
Your Captain's footsteps see;  
Follow your Captain, and be led  
To certain victory;  
All power to him is given:  
He ever reigns the same:  
Salvation, happiness, and heaven,  
Are all in Jesu's name.

4 Only have faith in God;  
In faith your foes assail:  
Not wrestling against flesh and blood,  
But all the powers of hell.  
From thrones of glory driven,  
By flaming vengeance hurl'd,  
They throng the air, and darken heaven  
And rule the lower world.

**HYMN 146. [Handel's-March. S. M.]**

1 **A**NGELS your march oppose,  
Who still in strength excel,  
Your secret, sworn, eternal foes,  
Countless, invisible:  
With rage, that never ends,  
Their hellish arts they try:  
Legions of dire, malicious fiends,  
And spirits enthron'd on high.

2 On earth the' usurpers reign,  
Exert their baneful power,

146 *For Believers Watching.* IV. §4.

O'er the poor fallen sons of men

They tyrannize their hour.

But shall believers fear?

But shall believers fly?

Or see the bloody cross appear,

And all their powers defy?

3 Jesu's tremendous name,

Puts all our foes to flight!

Jesus the meek, the angry Lamb,

A lion is in fight,

By all hell's host withstood,

We all hell's host o'erthrow;

And conquering them thro' Jesu's blood,

We still to conquer go.

4 Our Captain leads us on;

He beckons from the skies,

And reaches out a starry crown,

And bids us take the prize:

Be faithful unto death,

Partake my victory:

And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,

And thou shalt reign with me.

HYMN 147.

[Cary's. 6-8's.]

**W**ATCH'D by the world's malignant eye;

Who load us with reproach & shame!

As servants of the Lord Most High,

As zealous for his glorious Name,

We ought in all his paths to move,

With holy fear and humble love.

2 That wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,

From every evil to depart;

To stop the mouth of every foe,

While, upright both in life and heart.

IV. § 5. *For Believers Working*. 147

The proofs of godly fear we give,  
And shew them how the christians live.

HYMN 148. [*Snowsfields*. 4-8's. & 2-6's.

- 1 **B**E it my only wisdom here  
To serve the Lord with filial fear,  
With loving gratitude:  
Superior sense may I display,  
By shunning every evil way,  
And walking in the good.
- 2 O may I still from sin depart;  
A wise and understanding heart,  
Jesus, to me be given:  
And let me thro' thy Spirit know  
To glorify my God below,  
And find my way to heaven.

§ 5. *For Believers Working*.

HYMN 149. [*St. Paul's*. C. M.

- 1 **S**UMMON'D my labour to renew,  
And glad to act my part,  
Lord, in thy name my work I do,  
And with a single heart.
- 2 End of my every action thou,  
In all things thee I see:  
Accept my hallow'd labour now:  
I do it unto thee.
- 3 Whate'er the Father views as thine,  
He views with gracious eyes!  
Jesus, this mean oblation join  
To thy great sacrifice.
- 4 Stamp't with an infinite desert,  
My work he then shall own:

146 *For Believers Watching.* IV. §4.

O'er the poor fallen sons of men

They tyrannize their hour,

But shall believers fear?

But shall believers fly?

Or see the bloody cross appear,

And all their powers defy?

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To serve the Lord with filial fear,  
With loving gratitude:  
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By shunning every evil way,  
And walking in the good.
- 2 O may I still from sin depart;  
A wise and understanding heart,  
Jesus, to me be given:  
And let me thro' thy Spirit know  
To glorify my God below,  
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And glad to act my part,  
Lord, in thy name my work I do,  
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In all things thee I see:  
Accept my hallow'd labour now:  
I do it unto thee.
- 3 Whate'er the Father views as thine,  
He views with gracious eyes!  
Jesus, this mean oblation join  
To thy great sacrifice.
- 4 Stamp't with an infinite desert,  
My work he then shall own:

148 *For Believers Working.* IV. § 5.

Well pleas'd with me when mine thou art,  
And I thy favourite son.

HYMN 150. [Lampe's. S. M.

1 **G**OD of almighty love,  
By whose sufficient grace  
I lift my heart to things above,  
And humbly seek thy face!  
Thro' Jesus Christ the just,  
My faint desires receive!  
And let me in thy goodness trust,  
And to thy glory live.

2 Whate'er I say or do,  
Thy glory be my aim:  
My offerings all be offered thro'  
The ever-blessed Name!  
Jesu, my single eye,  
Be fixt on thee alone:  
Thy name be prais'd on earth, on high;  
Thy will by all be done!

3 Spirit of faith inspire  
My consecrated heart,  
Fill me with pure, celestial fire,  
With all thou hast and art;  
My feeble mind transform,  
And, perfectly renew'd,  
Into a saint exalt a worm!  
A worm exalt to God!

HYMN 151. [Athlone. L. M.

1 **F**ORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go  
My daily labour to pursue;  
Thee, only thee resolv'd to know  
In all I think, or speak, or do.



- 2 The task thy wisdom hath assign'd  
O let me cheerfully fulfil;  
In all my works thy presence find,  
And prove thy acceptable will.
- 3 Thee may I set at my right hand,  
Whose eyes my inmost substance see:  
And labour on at thy command,  
And offer all my works to thee.
- 4 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,  
And every moment watch and pray:  
And still to things eternal look,  
And hasten to thy glorious day.
- 5 For thee delightfully employ, [given;  
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath  
And run my course with even joy,  
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

HYMN 152. [*Kingswood.* 7's. & 6's.

- 1 **L**O! I come with joy to do  
The Master's blessed will:  
Him in outward works pursue,  
And serve his pleasure still.  
Faithful to my Lord's commands,  
I still wou'd choose the better part:  
Serve with careful Martha's hands,  
And loving Mary's heart.
- 2 Careful without care I am,  
Nor feel my happy toil:  
Kept in peace by Jesu's name,  
Supported by his smile;  
Joyful thus my faith to show,  
I find his service my reward:  
Every work I do below,  
I do it to the Lord.

- 3 Thou, O Lord, in tender love  
Dost all my burdens bear :  
Lift my heart to things above,  
And fix it ever there.  
Calm on tumult's wheel I sit,  
'Midst busy multitudes alone,  
Sweetly waiting at thy feet,  
Till all thy will be done.
- 4 Thou, O Lord, my portion art,  
Before I hence remove ;  
Now my treasure and my heart  
Are all laid up above :  
Far above all earthly things,  
While yet my hands are here employ'd :  
Sees my soul the King of kings,  
And freely talks with God.
- 5 O that all the art might know  
Of living thus to thee !  
Find their heaven begun below,  
And here thy glory see !  
Walk in all the works prepar'd  
By thee to exercise their grace ;  
Till they gain their full reward,  
And see thy glorious face !

HYMN 153. [Norwich. 6-8's.

- 1 **C**APTAIN of Israel's host and guide  
Of all who seek the land above,  
Beneath thy shadow we abide,  
The cloud of thy protecting love !  
Our strength thy grace, our rule thy word,  
Our end the glory of the Lord.
- 2 By thy unerring Spirit led,  
We shall not in the desert stray :

IV. § 5. *For Believers Working.* 151

We shall not full direction need,  
Or miss our providential way:  
As far from danger as from fear  
While love, almighty love is near.

HYMN 154. [Palmi's. L. M.

- 1 **Q** Thou who camest from above,  
The pure celestial fire to' impart,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love,  
On the mean altar of my heart.
- 2 There let it for thy glory burn,  
With inextinguishable blaze:  
And trembling to its source return  
In humble prayer, and fervent praise.
- 3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire,  
To work and speak, & think for thee:  
Still let me guard the holy fire,  
And still stir up thy gift in me.
- 4 Ready for all thy perfect will,  
My acts of faith and love repeat,  
Till death thy endless mercies seal,  
And make the sacrifice complete.

HYMN 155. [23d Psalm. 6-8's.

- 1 **W**HEN quiet in my house I sit,  
Thy book be my companion still;  
My joy thy sayings to repeat,  
Talk o'er the records of thy will;  
And search the oracles divine,  
Till every heart-felt word be mine.
- 2 O may the gracious words divine,  
Subject of all my converse be:  
So will the Lord his follower join,  
And walk, and talk himself with me;

152 *For Believers Suffering.* IV. §6.

So shall my heart his presence prove,  
And burn with everlasting love.

- 3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,  
O may the reconciling word  
Sweetly compose my weary breast,  
While on the bosom of my Lord  
I sink in blissful dreams away,  
And visions of eternal day.
- 4 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,  
Thee may I publish all day long;  
And let thy precious word of grace  
Flow from my heart and fill my tongue:  
Fill all my life with purest love,  
And join me to thy church above.

§ 6. *For Believers Suffering.*

HYMN 156. [Fetter-Lane. C. M.]

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High Priest above;  
His heart is made of tenderness,  
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame:  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he hath felt the same.
- 3 He in the days of feeble flesh,  
Pour'd out his cries and tears:  
And in his measure feels afresh  
What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
But raise it to a flame:  
The bruised reed he never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name.

IV. §6. *For Believers Suffering.* 153

5 Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his pow'r;  
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace  
In the distressing hour.

HYMN 157. [Olney. S. M.]

- 1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs  
And ways into his hands,  
To his sure truth and tender care,  
Who earth and heav'n commands;  
Who points the clouds their course,  
Whom winds and seas obey,  
He shall direct thy wand'ring feet,  
He shall prepare thy way.
- 2 Thou on the Lord rely,  
So safe shalt thou go on:  
Fix on his work thy stedfast eye,  
So shall thy work be done:  
No profit canst thou gain  
By self-consuming care:  
To him commend thy cause, his ear  
Attends the softest prayer.
- 3 Thine everlasting truth,  
Father, thy ceaseless love,  
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows  
What best for each will prove:  
And whatsoe'er thou willest  
Thou dost, O King of kings!  
What thine unerring wisdom choose,  
Thy pow'r to being brings.
- 4 Thou ev'ry-where hast sway,  
And all things serve thy might;  
Thy ev'ry act pure blessing is,  
Thy path unsullied light:

When thou arisest, Lord,  
 What shall thy work withstand?  
 When all thy children want, thou giv'st,  
 Who, who shall stay thy hand?

HYMN 158. [Olney. S. M.

1 **G**IVE to the winds thy fears,  
 Hope, and be undismay'd:  
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,  
 God shall lift up thy head;  
 Thro' waves, and clouds, and storms,  
 He gently clears thy way;  
 Wait thou his time, so shall this night  
 Soon end in joyous day.

2 Still heavy is thy heart,  
 Still sunk thy spirits down?  
 Cast off the weight, let fear depart,  
 And ev'ry care be gone:  
 What tho' thou rulest not,  
 Yet heav'n, and earth, and hell  
 Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,  
 And ruleth all things well.

3 Leave to his sov'reign sway  
 To choose and to command;  
 So shalt thou wond'ring own his way,  
 How wise, how strong his hand:  
 Far, far above thy thought,  
 His counsel shall appear,  
 When fully he the work hath wrought,  
 That caus'd thy needless fear.

4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,  
 Our hearts are known to thee;  
 O lift thou up the sinking hand,  
 Confirm the feeble knee:

Let us in life, in death,  
Thy stedfast truth declare,  
And publish with our latest breath,  
Thy love and guardian care.

HYMN 159. [*Marienburn.* 6-8's.]

- 1 **M**ASTER, I own thy lawful claim,  
Thine, wholly thine, I long to be ;  
Thou seest, at last, I willing am,  
Where'er thou go'st to follow thee ;  
Myself in all things to deny ;  
Thine, wholly thine, to live and die.
- 2 Whate'er my sinful flesh requires,  
For thee I cheerfully forego ;  
My covetous and vain desires,  
My hopes of happiness below :  
My senses and my passions' food,  
And all my thirst for creature good.
- 3 Pleasure, and wealth, and praise no more  
Shall lead my captive soul astray :  
My fond pursuits I all give o'er,  
Thee, only thee, resolv'd t' obey ;  
My own in all things to resign,  
And know no other will but thine.
- 4 All pow'r is thine in earth and heaven,  
'All fulness dwells in thee alone :  
Whate'er I have was freely given :  
Nothing but sin I call my own :  
Other property I disclaim ;  
Thou only art the great I AM.
- 5 Wherefore to thee I all resign :  
Being thou art, and love, and pow'r :  
Thy only will be done, not mine ;  
Thee, Lord, let earth and heav'n adore :

Flow back the rivers to the sea,  
And let our all be lost in thee !

HYMN 160. [*Traveller.* 4-8's & 2-6's.]

- 1 **C**OME on, my partners in distress,  
My comrades thro' the wilderness,  
Who still your bodies feel ;  
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,  
And look beyond this vale of tears  
To that celestial hill.
- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space  
Look forward to that happy place,  
The saints' secure abode :  
On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,  
And force your passage to the skies,  
And scale the mount of God.
- 3 Who suffer with our Master here,  
We shall before his face appear,  
And by his side sit down :  
To patient faith the prize is sure ;  
And all that to the end endure  
The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 4 Thrice-blessed bliss-inspiring hope !  
It lifts the fainting spirits up ;  
It brings to life the dead ;  
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,  
And you and I ascend at last  
Triumphant with our Head.
- 5 That great mysterious Deity  
We soon with open face shall see ;  
The beatific sight !  
Shall fill the heav'nly courts with praise,  
And wide diffuse the golden blaze  
Of everlasting light.



IV. § 6. *For Believers Suffering.* 157

6 The Father shining on his throne,  
The glorious, co-eternal Son,  
The Spirit, One and Seven,  
Conspire our rapture to complete :  
And lo ! we fall before his feet,  
And silence heightens heaven.

7 In hope of that ecstatic pause,  
Jesu, we now sustain the cross,  
And at thy footstool fall :  
Till thou our hidden life reveal ;  
Till thou our ravish'd spirits fill,  
And God is all in all.

HYMN 161. [*Traveller.* 4-8's & 2-6's.

**L**ORD, I adore thy gracious will,  
Thro' ev'ry instrument of ill  
My Father's goodness see :  
Accept the complicated wrong,  
Of Shemei's hand and Shemei's tongue,  
As kind rebukes from thee.

HYMN 162. [*Kingswood.* 6's & 7's.

1 **C**AST on the fidelity  
Of my redeeming Lord,  
I shall his salvation see,  
According to his word :  
Credence to his word I give,  
My Saviour in distresses past,  
Will not now his servant leave,  
But bring me thro' at last.

2 Better than my boding fears  
To me thou oft hast prov'd ;  
Oft observ'd my silent tears,  
And challeng'd thy belov'd :  
Mercy to my rescue flew,  
And death ungrasp'd his fainting prey.

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Pain before thy face withdrew,  
And sorrow fled away.

3 Now as yesterday the same,  
In all my troubles nigh,  
Jesus, on thy word and name  
I stedfastly rely :

Sure as now the grief I feel,  
The promis'd joy I soon shall have :  
Sav'd again, to sinners tell  
Thy pow'r and will to save.

4 To thy blessed will resign'd,  
And stay'd on that alone,  
I thy perfect strength shall find,  
Thy faithful mercies own :  
Compass'd round with songs of praise,  
My all to my Redeemer give :  
Spread thy miracles of grace,  
And for thy glory live.

HYMN 163. [*Hamilton's.* 7's & 6's.]

1 **F**ATHER, in the name I pray,  
Of thy incarnate love,  
Humbly ask, that as my day,  
My suffering strength may prove :  
When my sorrows most increase,  
Let thy strongest joys be giv'n :  
Jesu, come with my distress,  
And agony is heav'n.

2 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
For good remember me !  
Me, whom thou hast caus'd to trust,  
For more than life on thee.  
With me in the fire remain,  
Till like burnish'd gold I shine,

IV. §6. *For Believers Suffering.* 159

Meet thro' consecrated pain,  
To see the face divine.

HYMN 164. [Welling. L. M.]

- 1 **O** Thou to whose all-searching sight  
The darkness shineth as the light;  
Search, prove my heart; it pants for thee:  
O burst these bonds, and set it free.
- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,  
Nail my affections to the cross!  
Hallow each thought, let all within  
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.
- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,  
Be thou my light, be thou my way;  
No foes, no violence I fear,  
Nor fraud, while thou, my God, art near.
- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,  
When sinks my head in waves of woe,  
Jesu, thy timely aid impart,  
And raise my head and cheer my heart.
- 5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,  
Dauntless, untir'd, I follow thee!  
O let thy hand support me still  
And lead me to thy holy hill.
- 6 If rough and thorny be the way  
My strength proportion to my day:  
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,  
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

HYMN 165. [Welling. L. M.]

**T**HOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of Peace,  
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine!  
My longing heart implores thy grace;  
O make me in thy likeness shine.

160 *For Believers Suffering.* IV. §6.

2. With fraudless, even, humble mind,  
Thy will in all things may I see;  
In love be every wish resign'd  
And hallow'd my whole heart to thee.
- 3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,  
With lamb-like patience arm my breast:  
When grief my wounded soul assails,  
In lowly meekness may I rest.
- 4 Close by thy side still may I keep,  
Howe'er life's various current flow;  
With stedfast eye mark every step,  
And follow thee where'er thou go.
- 5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful sight hast won:  
Alone thou hast the wine-press trod:  
In me thy strengthening grace be shown,  
O may I conquer thro' thy blood!
- 6 So when on Sion thou shalt stand,  
And all heaven's host adore their king,  
Shall I be found at thy right-hand.  
And free from pain thy glories sing.

HYMN 166. [Athlone. L. M.]

- 1 **J**ESU, the weary wanderer's rest,  
Give me thy easy yoke to bear:  
With stedfast patience arm my breast,  
With spotless love, and lowly fear.
- 2 Thankful I take the cup from thee,  
Prepar'd and mingled by thy skill;  
Tho' bitter to the taste it be  
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.
- 3 Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!  
So shall each murmuring thought be gone:  
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,  
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

IV. § 7. *Believers Groaning, &c.* 161

- 4 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace:"  
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still."  
Thy power and strength my fortress is,  
For all things serve thy sovereign will
- 5 O death! where is thy sting? where now  
Thy boasted victory? O grave!  
Who shall contend with God? or who?  
Can hurt whom God delights to save.

§ 7. *For Believers groaning for full  
Redemption.*

HYMN 167. [Lampe's. S. M.]

- 1 **T**HE thing my God doth hate,  
That I no more may do,  
Thy creature, Lord, again create,  
And all my soul renew:  
My soul shall then, like thine,  
Abhor the thing unclean,  
And sanctified by love divine,  
For ever cease from sin.
- 2 That blessed law of thine,  
Jesu, to me impart;  
The Spirit's law of life divine,  
O write it on my heart;  
Implant it deep within,  
Whence it may ne'er remove:  
The law of liberty from sin,  
The perfect law of love.
- 3 Thy nature be my law,  
Thy spotless sanctity;  
And sweetly every moment draw  
My happy soul to thee:  
Soul of my soul remain;  
Who didst for all fulfil,

162 *For Believers Groaning* IV. § 7.

In me, O Lord, fulfil again  
Thy heavenly Father's will!

HYMN 168. [Liverpool. C. M.

1. **O** For a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free!  
A heart that always feels thy blood,  
So freely spilt for me!
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's throne:  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean:  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From him that dwells within:
- 4 A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,  
And full of love divine;  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, Lord, of thine!
- 5 Thy tender heart is still the same,  
And melts at human woe;  
Jesu, for thee distress I am;  
I want thy love to know.
- 6 My heart, thou know'st, can never rest,  
Till thou create my peace;  
Till of my Eden repossess,  
From every sin I cease.
- 7 Fruit of thy gracious lips, on me  
Bestow that peace unknown;  
The hidden manna, and the tree  
Of life, and the white stone.

IV. § 7. *For Full Redemption.* 163

- 8 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,  
Come quickly from above;  
Write thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new, best name of love.

HYMN 169. [Aldrich. C. M.]

- 1 JESUS, thou all-sustaining word,  
My fallen spirit's hope,  
After thy lovely likeness, Lord,  
O when shall I wake up?  
2 Thou, O my God, thou only art  
The life, the truth, the way:  
Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,  
My sinking footsteps stay.  
3 Of all thou hast in earth below,  
In heaven above to give;  
Give me thine only self to know,  
In thee to walk and live.  
4 Fill me with all the life of love,  
In mystic union join  
Me to thyself, and let me prove  
The fellowship divine.  
5 Open the intercourse between  
My longing soul and thee;  
Never to be broke off again,  
Thro' all eternity.

HYMN 170. [112th Psalm 6-8's.]

- THOU hidden love of God, whose height,  
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows,  
I see from far thy beauteous light,  
Inly I sigh for thy repose:  
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be  
At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

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- 2** Thy secret voice invites me still,  
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove;  
And fain I wou'd; but tho' my will  
Seems fixt, yet wide my passions rove;  
Yet hindrances strew all the way:  
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray,
- 3** 'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought  
My mind to seek her peace in thee;  
Yet while I seek, but find thee not,  
No peace my wand'ring soul shall see:  
O when shall all my wand'rings end,  
And all my steps to thee-ward tend?
- 4** Is there a thing beneath the sun,  
That strives with thee my heart to share?  
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,  
The Lord of every motion there!  
Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
When it hath found repose in thee.
- 5** O hide this self from me, that I  
No more, but Christ in me may live!  
My vile affections crucify,  
Nor let one darling lust survive:  
In all things—nothing may I see,  
Nothing desire, or seek—but thee.
- 6** O Love, thy sovereign aid impart  
To save me from low-thoughted care:  
Chase this self-will thro' all my heart,  
Thro' all its latent mazes there:  
Make me thy duteous child, that I  
Ceaseless may "Abba, Father," cry.
- 7** Ah! no! ne'er will I backward turn;  
Thine wholly thine alone I am!  
Thrice happy he, who views with scorn  
Earth's toys for thee his constant flame!



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Oh! help, that I may never move  
From the blest footsteps of thy love.

8 Each moment draw from earth away  
My heart, that lowly waits thy call :  
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,  
“ I am thy love, thy God, thy all ! ”  
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,  
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

HYMN 171. [Cardiff. 4-6's. & 2-8's.

1 **Y**E happy sinners hear,  
The prisoner of the Lord,  
And wait till Christ appear,  
According to his word :

Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.

2 The Lord our Righteousness  
We have long since receiv'd :  
Salvation nearer is,

Than when we first believ'd : Rejoice, &c.

3 Let others hug their chains,  
For sin and Satan plead :

And say, from sin's remains  
They never can be freed : Rejoice, &c.

4 In God we put our trust :

If we our sins confess,

Faithful he is, and just,

From all unrighteousness,

To cleanse us all, both you and me ;

We shall from all our sins be free.

5 Surely in us the hope

Of glory shall appear :

Sinners, your heads lift up,

And see redemption near :

166 *For Believers Groaning* IV. § 7.

Again I say, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.

6 Who Jesu's sufferings share,  
My fellow-prisoners now,  
Ye soon the wreath shall wear,  
On your triumphant brow: Rejoice, &c.

7 The word of God is sure,  
And never can remove,  
We shall in heart be pure,  
And perfected in love. Rejoice, &c.

8 Then let us gladly bring  
Our sacrifice of praise,  
Let us give thanks and sing,  
And glory in his grace:  
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.

HYMN 172. [Mitcham. C. M.

1 **F**OR ever here my rest shall be,  
Close to thy bleeding side:  
This all my hope, and all my plea,  
For me the Saviour died!

2 My dying Saviour and my God,  
Fountain for guilt and sin,  
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,  
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own:  
Wash me, and mine thou art:  
Wash me, but not my feet alone,  
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of thy blood apply  
Till faith to sight improve:  
Till hope in full fruition die,  
And all my soul be love.

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HYMN 173.

[*Berley.* C. M.

- 1 **J**ESU, my life, thyself apply,  
Thy Holy Spirit breathe;  
My vile affections crucify,  
Conform me to thy death.
- 2 Conqueror of hell, and earth, and sin,  
Still with thy rebel strive;  
Enter my soul, and work within;  
And kill, and make alive!
- 3 More of thy life, and more I have,  
As the old Adam dies:  
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,  
That I with thee may rise.
- 4 Reign in me, Lord, thy foes control,  
Who would not own thy sway;  
Diffuse thine image thro' my soul,  
Shine to the perfect day.
- 5 Scatter the last remains of sin,  
And seal me thine abode:  
O make me glorious all within,  
A temple built by God.

HYMN 174. [*Savannah.* All 7's.

- 1 **H**OLY Lamb, who thee receive,  
Who in thee begin to live,  
Day and night they cry to thee,  
As thou art, so let us be!  
Jesu, see my panting breast;  
See I pant in thee to rest;  
Gladly wou'd I now be clean:  
Cleanse me now from every sin.
- 2 Fix, O fix my wavering mind;  
To thy cross my spirit bind;

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Earthly passions far remove,  
Swallow up my soul in love.  
Dust and ashes tho' we be,  
Full of sin and misery,  
Thine we are, thou Son of God:  
Take the purchase of thy blood.

3. Who in heart on thee believes,  
He the atonement now receives:  
He with joy beholds thy face,  
Triumphs in thy pardoning grace.  
See, ye sinners, see the flame  
Rising from the slaughter'd Lamb;  
Marks the new, the living way,  
Leading to eternal day.

4 Jesu, when this light we see,  
All our soul's on fire for thee:  
When thy quick'ning power we prove,  
All our heart dissolves in love.  
Boundless wisdom, power divine,  
Love unspeakable are thine!  
Praise by all to thee be given,  
Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven.

HYMN 175. [Irene. 2-6's. & 4-7's.

1 **J**ESU, thou art my king,  
To me thy succour bring:  
Christ, the Mighty One art thou,  
Help for all on thee is laid;  
This the word; I claim it now,  
Send me now the promis'd aid.

2 High on thy Father's throne,  
O look with pity down!  
Help, O help! attend my call,  
Captive lead captivity:

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King of glory, Lord of all,  
Christ, be Lord, be King to me.

3 I pant to feel thy sway,

And only thee to obey:

Thee my spirit gasps to meet;

This my one, my ceaseless prayer,  
Make, O make my heart thy seat,  
O set up thy kingdom there!

4 Triumph and reign in me,

And spread thy victory:

Hell, and death, and sin control,

Pride, and wrath, and every foe,

All subdue; thro' all my soul

Conquering and to conquer go!

HYMN 176. [Kingswood.

1 **E**VER fainting with desire,  
For thee, O Christ, I call;

Thee I restlessly require,

I want my God, my all.

Jesu, dear redeeming Lord,

I wait thy coming from above:

Help me, Saviour, speak the word,

And perfect me in love.

2 Wilt thou suffer me to go,

Lamenting all my days?

Shall I never, never know

Thy sanctifying grace?

Wilt thou not thy light afford:

The darkness from my soul remove?

Help, &c.

3 Lord, if I on thee believe,

The second gift impart:

With the indwelling Spirit give

A new, a contrite heart;

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If with love thy heart is stor'd,  
If now o'er me thy bowels move: Help, &c.

4 Let me gain my calling's hope,  
O make the sinner clean;

Dry corruption's fountain up,  
Cut off the intail of sin;

Take me into thee, my Lord,  
I shall then no longer rove: Help, &c.

5 Thou, my life, my treasure be,  
My portion here below;

Nothing would I seek but thee,  
Thee only wou'd I know:

My exceeding great reward,  
My heaven on earth, my heaven above:  
Help, &c.

6 Grant me now the bliss to feel  
Of those that are in thee!

Son of God, thyself reveal,  
Engrave thy name on me:

As in heaven he here ador'd,  
And let me now the promise prove;  
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,  
And perfect me in love.

HYMN 176.\* [L. M.]

1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations bow with sacred joy:

Know that the Lord is God alone;  
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;  
And whenlikewand'ring sheepwestray'd,  
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise;

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And earth with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

- 4 Wide as the world is thy command,  
Vast as eternity thy love:  
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

#### HYMN 177. [Trinity. C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, I believe thy every word,  
Thy every promise true;  
And, lo! I wait on thee my Lord,  
Till I my strength renew.
- 2 If in this feeble flesh I may  
Awhile shew forth thy praise;  
Jesu, support the tottering clay,  
And lengthen out my days.
- 3 If such a worm as I can spread,  
The common Saviour's name;  
Let him who rais'd thee from the dead,  
Quicken my mortal frame.
- 4 Still let me live thy blood to show,  
Which purges every stain:  
And gladly linger out below  
A few more years in pain.
- 5 Spare me till I my strength of soul,  
Till I thy love retrieve:  
Till faith shall make my spirit whole,  
And perfect soundness give.
- 6 Faith to be heal'd thou knowest I have,  
From sin to be made clean;  
Able thou art from sin to save,  
From all indwelling sin.

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- 7 Surely thou canst, I do not doubt,  
Thou wilt thyself impart;  
The bond-woman's base son cast out,  
And take up all my heart.
- 8 I shall my ancient strength renew:  
The excellence divine  
(If thou art good, if thou art true,)  
Throughout my soul shall shine.
- 9 I shall, a weak, and helpless worm,  
Thro' Jesu's strengthening me,  
Impossibilities perform,  
And live from sinning free.
- 10 For this in stedfast hope I wait,  
Now, Lord, my soul restore:  
Now the new heavens and earth create,  
And I shall sin no more.

HYMN 178. [Mitcham. C. M.]

- 1 **M**Y God, I humbly call thee mine,  
And will not quit my claim:  
Till all I have is lost in thine,  
And all renew'd I am.  
I hold thee with a trembling hand,  
But will not let thee go:  
Till stedfastly by faith I stand,  
And all thy goodness know.
- 2 When shall I see the welcome hour,  
That plants my God in me!  
Spirit of health, and life, and power,  
And perfect liberty!  
Jesu, thine all-victorious love  
Shed in my heart abroad;  
Then shall my feet no longer rove,  
Rooted and fixt in God.



- 3** Love only can the conquest win,  
The strength of sin subdue ;  
(Mine own unconquerable sin,)  
And form my soul anew.  
Love can bow down the stubborn neck,  
The stone to flesh convert :  
Softens, and melt, and pierce, and break  
An adamant heart.
- 4** O that in me the sacred fire  
Might now begin to glow !  
Burn up the dross of base desire,  
And make the mountains flow !  
O that it now from heaven might fall,  
And all my sins consume !  
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,  
Spirit of burning come.
- 5** Refining fire go thro' my heart,  
Illuminate my soul :  
Scatter thy life thro' every part,  
And sanctify the whole.  
Sorrow and sin shall then expire,  
While entered into rest,  
I only live my God t' admire,  
My God for ever blest.
- 6** No longer then my heart shall mourn,  
While purified by grace,  
I only for his glory burn,  
And always see his face.  
My stedfast soul from falling free,  
Shall then no longer move ;  
But Christ is all the world to me,  
And all my heart is love.

## HYMN 179. [23d Psalm. 6-8's.]

- 1 **J**ESUS, the gift divine I know,  
 The gift divine I ask of thee;  
 The living water now bestow,  
 Thy Spirit and thyself on me:  
 Thou, Lord, of life the fountain art!  
 Now let me find thee in my heart!
- 2 Thee let me drink, and thirst no more  
 For drops of finite happiness:  
 Spring up, O well, in heavenly power,  
 In streams of pure, perennial peace:  
 In joy, that none can take away,  
 In life, which shall for ever stay.
- 3 Father, on me the grace bestow,  
 Unblamable before thy sight,  
 Whence all the streams of mercy flow:  
 Mercy thy own supreme delight:  
 To me, for Jesu's sake impart,  
 And plant thy nature in my heart.
- 4 Thy mind throughout my life be shown,  
 While list'ning to the wretches' cry,  
 The widow's and the orphan's groan,  
 On mercy's wings I swiftly fly,  
 The poor, and helpless to relieve,  
 My life, my all, for them to give.
- 5 Thus may I shew the Spirit within,  
 Which purges me from every stain,  
 Unspotted from the world and sin,  
 My faith's integrity maintain;  
 The truth of my religion prove,  
 By perfect unity and love.

IV. § 7. *For Full Redemption.* 175

HYMN 180. [Olney. S. M.

- 1 **O** Come, and dwell in me,  
Spirit of power within:  
And bring the glorious liberty  
From sorrow, fear, and sin.  
The seed of sin's disease,  
Spirit of health remove,  
Spirit of finish'd holiness,  
Spirit of perfect love.
- 2 Hasten the joyful day,  
Which shall my sins consume:  
When old things shall be past away,  
And all things new become.  
The' original offence  
Out of my soul erase;  
Enter thyself, and drive it hence,  
And take up all the place.
- 3 I want the witness, Lord,  
That all I do is right,  
According to thy will and word,  
Well pleasing in thy sight.  
I ask no higher state,  
Indulge me but in this;  
And soon or later then translate  
To my eternal bliss.

HYMN 181. [Athlone. L. M.

- 1 **O** God, most merciful and true,  
Thy nature to my soul impart!  
'Stablish with me the covenant new,  
And write salvation on my heart.
- 2 To real holiness restor'd,  
O let me gain my Saviour's mind,

And in the knowledge of my Lord  
Fulness of life eternal find.

3 Remember, Lord, my sins no more,  
That them I may no more forget;  
But, sunk in guiltless shame adore,  
With speechless wonder at thy feet.

4 O'erwhelm'd with thy stupendous grace,  
I shall not in thy presence move;  
But breathe unutterable praise,  
And rapt'rous awe, and silent love.

5 Then ev'ry murm'ring thought and vain  
Expires in sweet confusion lost;  
I cannot of my cross complain,  
I cannot of my goodness boast.

6 Pardon'd for all that I have done,  
My mouth as in the dust I hide,  
And glory give to God alone,  
My God for ever pacified.

**HYMN 182.** [*Shepherd of Israel.*]

1 **W**HAT now is my object and aim?  
What now is my hope and desire?  
To follow the heavenly Lamb,  
And after his image aspire.  
My hope is all center'd in thee:  
I trust to recover thy love:  
On earth thy salvation to see,  
And then to enjoy it above.

2 I thirst for a life-giving God,  
A God that on Calvary died;  
A fountain of water and blood,  
That gush'd from Immanuel's side!

IV. § 7. *For Full Redemption.* 177

I gasp for the streams of thy love,  
The spirit of rapture unknown;  
And then to re-drink it above,  
Eternally fresh from the throne.

HYMN 183. [*Amsterdam.* 7's & 6's.

**G**IVE me the' enlarg'd desire,  
And open, Lord, my soul,  
Thy own fulness to require,  
And comprehend the whole:  
Stretch my faith's capacity  
Wider and yet wider still;  
Then with all that is in thee,  
My soul for ever fill!

HYMN 184. [*Bradford.* 6-8's.

- 1 **J**ESU, thy boundless love to me,  
No thought can reach, no tongue de-  
O knit my thankful heart to thee, [clare,  
And reign without a rival there!  
Thine, wholly thine, alone I am;  
Be thou alone my constant flame.
- 2 O grant that nothing in my soul  
May dwell, but thy pure love alone;  
O may thy love possess me whole!  
My joy, my treasure, and my crown:  
Strange flames far from my soul remove,  
My ev'ry act, word, thought, be love.
- 3 O love, how cheering is thy ray!  
All pain before thy presence flies;  
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,  
Where'er thy healing beams arise;  
O Jesu, nothing may I see,  
Nothing desire, or seek, but thee.

- 4 Unwearied may I thus pursue,  
 Dauntless to the high prize aspire :  
 Hourly within my soul renew  
 This holy flame, this heav'nly fire :  
 And day and night be all my care,  
 To guard this sacred treasure there.
- 5 O that I as a little child,  
 May follow thee and never rest ;  
 Till sweetly thou hast breath'd thy mild  
 And lowly mind into my breast :  
 Nor ever may we parted be,  
 Till I become one spirit with thee.
- 6 Still let thy love point out my way.  
 How wond'rous things thy love hath  
 Still lead me, lest I go astray : [wrought :  
 Direct my work, inspire my thought :  
 And if I fall, soon may I hear  
 Thy voice, and know that love is near.
- 7 In suff'ring be thy love my peace ;  
 In weakness be thy love my pow'r ;  
 And when the storms of life shall cease,  
 Jesu, in that important hour !  
 In death, as life, be thou my guide,  
 And save me, who for me hast died.

HYMN 185. [Frankford. 6-8's.

- 1 **P**RIS'NERS of hope, lift up your heads !  
 The day of liberty draws near ;  
 Jesus, who on the serpent treads,  
 Shall soon in your behalf appear !  
 The Lord will to his temple come :  
 Prepare your hearts to make him room.

**IV. § 7. For Full Redemption. 179**

- 2 Ye all shall find, whom in his word  
Himself hath caus'd to put your trust:  
The Father of our dying Lord,  
Is ever to his promise just;  
Faithful, if we our sins confess,  
To cleanse from all unrighteousness.
- 3 Yes, Lord, we must believe thee kind:  
Thou never canst unfaithful prove:  
Surely we shall thy mercy find;  
Who ask, shall all receive thy love;  
Nor canst thou it to me deny:  
I ask, the chief of sinners I!
- 4 O ye of fearful hearts, be strong!  
Your down-cast eyes and hands lift up!  
Ye shall not be forgotten long:  
Hope to the end, in Jesus hope!  
Tell him, ye wait his grace to prove  
And cannot fail, if God is love.
- 5 Pris'ners of hope, be strong, be bold!  
Cast off your doubts, disdain to fear!  
Dare to believe! on Christ lay hold!  
Wrestle with Christ in mighty pray'r:  
Tell him, "We will not let thee go,  
"Till we thy name, thy nature know."
- 6 Hast thou not died to purge our sin,  
And rose, thy death for us to plead?  
To write the law of love within  
Our hearts, and make us free indeed?  
That we our Eden might regain,  
Thou diedst, and cou'dst not die in vain.
- 7 Lord, we believe, and wait the hour,  
Which all thy great salvation brings;

- 4 Unwearied may I thus pursue,  
 Dauntless to the high prize aspire :  
 Hourly within my soul renew  
 This holy flame, this heav'nly fire :  
 And day and night be all my care,  
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"Till we thy name, thy nature know."
- 6 Hast thou not died to purge our sin,  
And rose, thy death for us to plead?  
To write the law of love within  
Our hearts, and make us free indeed?  
That we our Eden might regain,  
Thou diedst, and cou'dst not die in vain.
- 7 Lord, we believe, and wait the hour,  
Which all thy great salvation brings;

180 *For Believers Groaning* IV. §7.

The Spirit of love, and health, & pow'r,  
Shall come, & make us priests & kings,  
Thou wilt perform thy faithful word,  
"The servant shall be as his Lord."

8 The promise stands for ever sure,  
And we shall in thy image shine,  
Partakers of a nature pure,  
Holy, angelical, divine;  
In spirit join'd to thee the Son,  
As thou art with the Father one.

9 Faithful and true, we now receive  
The promise ratified by thee:  
To thee, the when, and how, we leave,  
In time and in eternity:  
We only hang upon thy word,  
"The servant shall be as his Lord."

HYMN 186. [*Westminster.* 8's & 7's.]

1 **L**OVE divine, all loves excelling,  
Joy of heav'n, to earth come down;  
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,  
All thy faithful mercies crown!  
Jesu, thou art all compassion!  
Pure, unbounded love thou art!  
Visit us with thy salvation!  
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit  
Into ev'ry troubled breast;  
Let us all in Thee inherit,  
Let us find that Second Rest:  
Take away the pow'r of sinning,  
Alpha and Omega be,  
End of Faith, as its beginning,  
Set our hearts at liberty.

IV. § 7. *For Full Redemption.* 181

- 3 Come, Almighty to deliver,  
Let us all thy grace receive;  
Suddenly return, and never,  
Never more thy temples leave:  
Thee we wou'd be always blessing;  
Serve thee as thy hosts above;  
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,  
Glory in thy perfect love.
- 4 Finish then thy new creation,  
Pure and spotless let us be:  
Let us see thy great salvation,  
Perfectly restor'd in thee:  
Chang'd from glory into glory,  
Till in heav'n we take our place,  
Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

HYMN 187. [Evesham. L. M.]

- 1 ○ That my load of sin were gone,  
O that I could at last submit,  
At Jesu's feet to lay it down,  
To lay my soul at Jesu's feet.
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find:  
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,  
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,  
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,  
And fully set my spirit free:  
I cannot rest, till pure within,  
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain wou'd I learn of thee, my God,  
Thy light and easy burden prove:

182 *For Believers brought* IV. § 8.

The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood'  
The labour of thy dying love.

5 I wou'd : but thou must give the pow'r,  
My heart from ev'ry sin release :  
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,  
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

6 Come, Lord ! the drooping sinner cheer,  
Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay !  
Appear, in my poor heart appear !  
My God, my Saviour, come away !

HYMN 188. [Italian. L. M.

1 **H**OLY, and true, and righteous Lord,  
I wait to prove thy perfect will :  
Be mindful of thy gracious word,  
And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.

2 Open my faith's interior eye ;  
Display thy glory from above :  
And all I am shall sink and die,  
Lost in astonishment and love !

3 Confound, o'erpow'r me by thy grace !  
I wou'd be by myself abhorr'd ;  
All might, all majesty, all praise,  
All glory be to Christ my Lord.

4 Now let me gain perfection's height :  
Now let me into nothing fall,  
As less than nothing in thy sight,  
And feel that Christ is all in all !

§ 8. *For Believers brought to the Birth.*

HYMN 189. [Invitation. L. M.

1 **O** GOD, to whom in flesh reveal'd,  
The helpless all for succour came :

- The sick to be reliev'd and heal'd,  
And found salvation in thy name.
- 2 With publicans and harlots I,  
In these thy Spirit's gospel-days,  
To thee, the sinner's friend draw nigh,  
And humbly sue for saving grace.
- 3 Thou seest me helpless and distress,  
Feeble, and faint, and blind, & poor,  
Weary, I come to thee for rest,  
And sick of sin, implore a cure.
- 4 My sin's incurable disease,  
Thou, Jesus, thou alone canst heal:  
Inspire me with thy pow'r, and peace,  
And pardon on my conscience seal.
- 5 A touch, a word, a look from thee,  
Can turn my heart, and make it clean:  
Purge the foul, inbred leprosy,  
And save me from my bosom-sin.
- 6 Lord, if thou wilt, I do believe,  
Thou canst the saving grace impart;  
Thou canst this instant now forgive,  
And stamp thy image on my heart.
- 7 My heart which now to thee I raise,  
I know thou canst this moment cleanse,  
The deepest stains of sin efface,  
And drive the evil spirit hence.
- 8 Be it according to thy word!  
Accomplish now thy work in me;  
And let my soul, to health restor'd,  
Devote its little all to thee.

HYMN 190. [Welling. L. M.]

- I JESU, thy far-extended fame,  
My drooping soul exults to hear:

184 *For Believers brought* IV. § 8.

Thy name, thy all-restoring name,  
Is music in a sinner's ear.

2 Sinners of old thou didst receive,  
With comfortable words and kind :  
Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve,  
Heal'd the diseas'd, and cur'd the blind.

3 And art thou not the Saviour still,  
In every place and age the same ?  
Hast thou forgot thy gracious skill,  
Or lost the virtue of thy name ?

4 Faith in thy changeless name I have :  
The good, the kind Physician, thou  
Art able now our souls to save,  
Art willing to restore them now.

5 Tho' sev'nteen hundred years are past,  
Since thou didst in the flesh appear ;  
Thy tender mercies ever last :  
And still thy healing pow'r is here.

6 Wou'dst thou the body's health restore,  
And not regard the sin-sick soul ?  
The sin-sick soul thou lov'st much more,  
And surely thou wilt make it whole.

7 All my disease, my ev'ry sin,  
To thee, O Jesus, I confess :  
In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,  
And perfect it in holiness.

8 That token of thine utmost good,  
Now, Saviour, now on me bestow :  
And purge my conscience with thy blood,  
And wash my nature white as snow.

HYMN 191. [*Hotham.* All 7's.]

- 1 SAVIOUR of the sin-sick soul,  
 Give me faith to make me whole!  
 Finish thy great work of grace!  
 Cut it short in righteousness.  
 Speak the second time, "Be clean!"  
 Take away my inbred sin:  
 Every stumbling-block remove,  
 Cast it out by perfect love.
- 2 Nothing less will I require;  
 Nothing more can I desire:  
 None but Christ to me be given!  
 None but Christ, in earth or heaven..  
 O that I might now decrease;  
 O that all I am might cease!  
 Let me into nothing fall!  
 Let my Lord be all in all!

HYMN 192. [*Westminster.* 8's. & 7's.]

- 1 LIGHT of life, seraphic fire,  
 Love Divine, thyself impart;  
 Every fainting soul inspire;  
 Shine in every drooping heart;  
 Every mournful sinner cheer;  
 Scatter all our guilty gloom!  
 Son of God, appear, appear!  
 To thy human temples come!
- 2 Come in this accepted hour!  
 Bring thy heavenly kingdom in!  
 Fill us with the glorious power,  
 Rooting out the seeds of sin:  
 Nothing more can we require:  
 We will covet nothing less:

186 *For Believers brought* IV. § 8.

Be thou all our hearts desire,  
All our joy and all our peace !

**HYMN 193.**      *Brockmer's.*    C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, I believe a rest remains,  
To all thy people known ;  
A rest, where pure enjoyment reigns,  
And thou art lov'd alone.
- 2 A rest where all our soul's desire,  
Is fixt on things above ;  
Where painful fear, and sin expire,  
Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 O that I now the rest might know,  
Believe, and enter in !  
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,  
And let me cease from sin !
- 4 Remove this hardness from my heart,  
This unbelief remove :  
To me the rest of faith impart,  
The sabbath of thy love.
- 5 I wou'd be thine, thou know'st I wou'd ;  
And have thee all my own :  
Thee, O my all-sufficient good,  
I want, and thee alone.
- 6 Thy name to me, thy nature grant !  
**L** This, only this, be given :  
Nothing beside my God I want,  
Nothing in earth or heaven.
- 7 Come, O my Saviour, come away,  
Into my soul descend !  
No longer from thy creature stay,  
My Author and my End !



8 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 And seal me thine abode !  
 Let all I am in thee be lost,  
 Let all be lost in God.

HYMN 194. [*Musician's.* 4-8's & 2-6's.

- 1 **O** Glorious hope of perfect love,  
 It lifts me up to things above,  
 It bears on eagle's wings ;  
 It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,  
 And makes me for some moments feast  
 With Jesu's priests and kings.
- 2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,  
 I stand, and from the mountain-top  
 See all the land below :  
 Rivers of milk and honey rise,  
 And all the fruits of paradise  
 In endless plenty grow :
- 3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,  
 Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,  
 With every blessing blest :  
 There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,  
 And keeps his own in perfect peace,  
 And everlasting rest.
- 4 O that I might at once go up !  
 No more on this side Jordan stop,  
 But now the land possess !  
 This moment end my legal years,  
 Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,  
 A howling wilderness.
- 5 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in !  
 Cast out thy foes ; the inbred sin,  
 The carnal mind remove ;

188 *For Believers brought* IV. § 8.

The purchase of thy death divide,  
And, O! with all the sanctified,  
Give me a lot of love.

HYMN 195. [Mitcham. C. M.]

- 1 **O** Joyful sound of gospel-grace!  
Christ shall in me appear!  
I, even I, shall see his face!  
I shall be holy here!
- 2 The glorious crown of righteousness  
To me reach'd out I view:  
Conqueror thro' him, I soon shall seize,  
And wear it as my due.
- 3 The promis'd land from Pisgah's top  
I now exult to see:  
My hope is full (O glorious hope!)  
Of immortality.
- 4 He visits now the house of clay:  
He shakes his future home:  
O! wou'dst thou, Lord, on this glad day  
Into thy temple come.
- 5 With me I know, I feel thou art;  
But this cannot suffice,  
Unless thou plantest in my heart  
A constant paradise.
- 6 My earth thou waterest from on high,  
But make it all a pool:  
Spring up, O Well, I ever cry,  
Spring up within my soul!
- 7 Come, O my God, thyself reveal,  
Fill all this mighty void:  
Thou only canst my spirit fill;  
Come, O my God, my God!

8 Fulfil, fulfil my large desires,  
Large as infinity:  
Give, give me all my soul requires,  
All, all that is in thee!

HYMN 196. [*Dedication.* 6-7's.

1 **W**HY not now, my God, my God?  
Ready if thou always art,  
Make in me thy mean abode,  
Take possession of my heart;  
If thou canst so greatly bow,  
Friend of sinners, why not now?

2 God of love, in this my day,  
For thyself to thee I cry;  
Dying, if thou still delay,  
Must I not for ever die?  
Enter now thy poorest home:  
Now, my utmost Saviour, come!

HYMN 197. [*Hamilton's.* 7's. & 6's.

1 **N**OW, even now, I yield, I yield  
With all my sins to part;  
Jesus, speak my pardon seal'd,  
And purify my heart!  
Purge the love of sin away,  
Then I into nothing fall;  
Then I see the perfect day,  
And Christ is all in all.

2 Jesu, now our hearts inspire,  
With that pure love of thine;  
Kindle now the heavenly fire  
To brighten and refine:

Purify our faith like gold :  
 All the dross of sin remove :  
 Melt our spirits down, and mould  
 Into thy perfect love.

HYMN 198. [*Liverpool.* C. M.]

- 1 **J**ESUS hath died, that I might live,  
 Might live to God alone ;  
 In him eternal life receive,  
 And be in spirit one.
- 2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,  
 The gift unspeakable :  
 And wait with arms of faith t' embrace,  
 And all thy love to feel.
- 3 My soul breaks out in strong desire,  
 The perfect bliss to prove ;  
 My longing heart is all on fire  
 To be dissolv'd in love.
- 4 Give me thyself ; from every boast,  
 From every wish set free :  
 Let all I am in thee be lost,  
 But give thyself to me !
- 5 Thy gifts, alas ! cannot suffice  
 Unless thyself be given ;  
 Thy presence makes my paradise,  
 And where thou art is heaven !

HYMN 199. [*Liverpool.* C. M.]

- 1 **I** Ask the gift of righteousness,  
 The sin-subduing power :  
 Power to believe, and go in peace,  
 And never grieve thee more.
- 2 I ask the blood-bought pardon seal'd,  
 The liberty from sin ;

The grace infus'd, the love reveal'd,  
The kingdom fixt within.

3 Thou hearest me for salvation pray,  
Thou seest my heart's desire:

Made ready in thy powerful day,  
Thy fulness I require.

4 My vehement soul cries out opprest,  
Impatient to be freed!

Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,  
Till I am sav'd indeed.

5 Art thou not able to convert,  
Art thou not willing too?

To change this old rebellious heart,  
To conquer, and renew?

6 Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe;  
So arm me with thy power,

That I to sin shall never cleave,  
Shall never feel it more.

§ 9. *For Believers Saved.*

HYMN 200. [Palmi's. L. M.]

1 YE faithful souls who Jesus know,  
If risen indeed with him ye are,

Superior to the joys below,  
His Resurrection's power declare.

2 Your faith by holy tempers prove,  
By actions shew your sins forgiven:

And seek the glorious things above,  
And follow Christ, your head, to heaven.

3 There your exalted Saviour see,  
Seated at God's right-hand again;

In all his Father's majesty,  
In everlasting pomp to reign.

- 4 To him continually aspire,  
Contending for your native place :  
And emulate the angel-choir,  
And only live to love and praise.
- 5 For who, by faith your Lord receive,  
Ye nothing want, or seek beside :  
Dead to the world and sin,—ye live ;  
Your creature-love is crucified.
- 6 Your real life, with Christ conceal'd,  
Deep in the Father's bosom lies :  
And glorious as your head reveal'd,  
Ye soon shall meet him in the skies.

HYMN 201. [*Angel's Song.* L. M.

- 1 **L**ET not the wise his wisdom boast !  
The mighty glory in his might !  
The rich in flattering riches trust,  
Which take their everlasting flight.
- 2 The rush of numerous years bears down  
The most gigantic strength of man ;  
And where is all his wisdom gone,  
When dust he turns to dust again ?
- 3 One only gift can justify  
The boasting soul who knows his God ;  
When Jesus doth his blood apply,  
I glory in his sprinkled blood.
- 4 The Lord my righteousness I praise,  
I triumph in the Love divine :  
The wisdom, wealth, and strength of grace,  
In Christ to endless ages mine.

HYMN 202. [*Olney.* S. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, in the strength of grace,  
With a glad heart and free ;

Myself, my residue of days  
I consecrate to thee.

- 2 Thy ransom'd servant, I  
Restore to thee thy own;  
And from this moment live or die,  
To serve my God alone.

HYMN 203. [23d Psalm. 6-8's.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care:  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye;  
My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads  
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amidst the verdant landskip flow.
- 3 Tho' in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.
- 4 Tho' in a bare and rugged way,  
Thro' devious lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
And streams shall murmur all around.

HYMN 204. [Cheshunt.

**T**HE voice of my Beloved sounds,  
While o'er the mountain tops he bounds;  
He flies exulting o'er the hills,  
And all my soul with transport fills;  
Gently doth he chide my stay,  
"Rise, my love, and come away."

2 The scattered clouds are fled at last,  
The rain is gone, the winter past;  
The lovely vernal flowers appear,  
The warbling choir enchant our ear:  
Now, with sweetly pensive moan,  
Coos the turtle-dove alone.

HYMN 205. [Dion.

**T**HIS, this is the God we adore,  
Our faithful, unchangeable friend;  
Whose love is as great as his power,  
And neither knows measure nor end.  
'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,  
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;  
We'll praise him for all that is past,  
And trust him for all that's to come.

HYMN 206. [London. 8s.

1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens (a shining frame!)  
Their great Original proclaim.  
The' unwearied sun from day to day,  
Doth his Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land,  
The work of an Almighty Hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,



And nightly to the list'ning earth,  
Repeats the story of her birth :  
While all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

- 3 What tho' in solemn silence all  
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;  
What tho' no real voice nor sound  
Amid their radiant orbs be found ;  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
For ever singing as they shine,  
" The hand that made us is divine."

HYMN 207.

- 1 **T**HE God of Abraham praise,  
Who reigns enthron'd above ;  
Ancient of everlasting days,  
And God of love ;  
**JEHOVAH, GREAT I AM!**  
By earth and heaven confest :  
I bow and bless the sacred Name,  
For ever blest,

- 2 The God of Abraham praise,  
At whose supreme command  
From earth I rise—and seek the joys  
At his right-hand :  
I all on earth forsake,  
Its wisdom, fame, and power ;  
And him my only portion make,  
My shield and tower,

3 The God of Abraham praise,  
 Whose all-sufficient grace  
 Shall guide me all my happy days,  
 In all my ways:  
 He calls a worm his friend ;  
 He calls himself my God :  
 And he shall save me to the end,  
 Thro' Jesu's blood !

4 He by himself hath sworn ;  
 I on his oath depend,  
 I shall, on eagle's wings up-borne ;  
 To heaven ascend :  
 I shall behold his face,  
 I shall his power adore,  
 And sing the wonders of his grace  
 For evermore.

HYMN 208. [Cornish. C. M.]

- 1 **B** EING of beings, God of love,  
 To thee our hearts we raise :  
 Thy all-sustaining power we prove,  
 And gladly sing thy praise.
- 2 Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be,  
 Our sacrifice receive :  
 Made, and preserv'd, and sav'd by thee,  
 To thee ourselves we give.
- 3 Heaven-ward our every wish aspires :  
 For all thy mercy's store,  
 The sole return thy love requires,  
 Is that we ask for more.
- 4 For more we ask ; we open then  
 Our hearts to' embrace thy will :  
 Turn and beget us, Lord, again ;  
 With all thy fulness fill.

- 5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love  
Shed in our hearts abroad :  
So shall we ever live and move,  
And be with Christ in God.

HYMN 209. [Morning Song. C. M.]

- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise !
- 2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,  
And all my wants redrest,  
While in the silent womb I lay,  
Or hung upon the breast.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries,  
Thy mercy lent an ear ;  
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd  
To form themselves in prayer.
- 4 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul  
Thy tender care bestow'd :  
Before my infant-heart conceiv'd  
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 5 When in the slippery paths of youth,  
With heedless steps I ran ;  
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,  
And led me up to man.
- 6 Thro' bidden dangers, toils, and deaths,  
It gently clear'd my way :  
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,  
More to be fear'd than they.
- 7 Thro' every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue :  
And after death in distant worlds,  
The pleasing theme renew.

- 8 Thro' all eternity to thee,  
 A grateful song I'll raise :  
 But, O ! eternity's too short  
 To utter all thy praise.

**HYMN 210.** [*Foundry.* All 7s.

- 1 **G**OD of all-redeeming grace,  
 By thy pardoning love compell'd,  
 Up to thee our souls we raise,  
 Up to thee our bodies yield ;  
 Thou our sacrifice receive,  
 Acceptable thro' thy Son,  
 While to thee alone we live,  
 While we die to thee alone.
- 2 Meet it is, and just, and right,  
 That we should be wholly thine ;  
 In thy only will delight,  
 In thy blessed service join :  
 O that every work and word,  
 Might proclaim how good thou art !  
 Holiness unto the Lord  
 , Still be written on our heart !

**HYMN 211.** [*Wednesbury.* C. M.

- 1 **L**ET him to whom we now belong,  
 His sovereign right assert,  
 And take up every thankful song,  
 And every loving heart.
- 2 He justly claims us for his own,  
 Who bought us with a price ;  
 The christian lives to Christ alone,  
 To Christ alone he dies.
- 3 Jesus, thine own at last receive :  
 Fulfil our heart's desire !

And, let us to thy glory live,  
And in thy cause expire.

- 4 Our souls and bodies we resign:  
With joy we render thee  
Our all, no longer our's, but thine  
To all eternity.

HYMN 212. [112th Psalm. 6-8's.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the servant of the Lord!  
I wait thy guiding eye to feel;  
To hear and keep thy every word,  
To prove and do thy perfect will:  
Joyful from my own works to cease,  
Glad to fulfil all righteousness.
- 2 Me, if thy grace vouchsafe to use,  
Meanest of all thy creatures, me,  
The deed, the time, the manner chuse:  
Let all my fruit be found of thee:  
Let all my works in thee be wrought,  
By thee to full perfection brought.
- 3 My every weak, tho' good design  
O'er-rule, or change, as seems thee meet,  
Jesu, let all my work be thine!  
Thy work, O Lord, is all compleat,  
And pleasing in thy Father's sight:  
Thou only hast done all things right.
- 4 Here then, to thee thy own I leave:  
Mould as thou wilt the passive clay;  
But let me all thy stamp receive:  
But let me all thy words obey;  
Serve with a single heart and eye,  
And to thy glory live and die.

HYMN 213. [*Shepherd of Israel.*]

- 1 **T**HOU Shepherd of Israel, and mine,  
The joy and desire of my heart,  
For closer communion I pine,  
I long to reside where thou art:  
The pasture I languish to find,  
Where all who their shepherd obey,  
Are fed, on thy bosom reclin'd,  
And screen'd from the heat of the day.
- 2 Ah! shew me that happiest place,  
The place of thy people's abode,  
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,  
And hang on a crucified God:  
Thy love for a sinner declare,  
Thy passion and death on the tree;  
My spirit to Calvary bear,  
To suffer and triumph with thee.
- 3 'Tis there with the Lambs of thy flock;  
There only I covet to rest,  
To lie at the foot of the rock,  
Or rise to be hid in thy breast:  
'Tis there I wou'd always abide,  
And never a moment depart:  
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,  
Eternally held in thy heart.

HYMN 214. [*Salisbury. All 7's.*]

- 1 **H**ARK! the herald angels sing,  
"Glory to their new-born King;  
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild;  
"God and sinners reconcil'd."  
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies,

#### IV. § 9. *For Believers Saved.* 201

- With the angelic host proclaim,  
" Christ is born in Bethlehem."
- 2 Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd,  
Christ the everlasting Lord ;  
Late in time behold him come,  
Offspring of a Virgin's womb ;  
Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead see,  
Hail the incarnate Deity !  
Pleas'd as man with men to appear,  
Jesus our Immanuel here.
- 3 Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace ;  
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness !  
Light and life to all he brings,  
Risen with healing in his wings ;  
Mild he lays his glory by,  
Born that man no more may die ;  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.
- 4 Come, Desire of Nations, come,  
Fix in us thy humble home :  
Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,  
Bruise in us the serpent's head ;  
Adam's likeness now efface,  
Stamp thine image in its place ;  
Second Adam, from above,  
Reinstate us in thy love.

**HYMN 215.**      [*Dedication.* 6-7's.]

- 1 **F**ATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One in three, and three in one,  
As by the celestial host  
Let thy will on earth be done :  
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,  
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven !

- 2 Vilest of the sinful race,  
     Lo! I answer to thy call;  
     Meaneſt veſſel of thy grace,  
     Grace divinely free for all;  
     Lo, I come to do thy will,  
     All thy counſel to fulfil.
- 3 If ſo poor a worm as I  
     May to thy great glory live,  
     All my actions ſanctify,  
     All my words and thoughts receive :  
     Claim me, for thy ſervice claim,  
     All I have, and all I am.
- 4 Take my ſoul and body's powers;  
     Take my memory, mind, and will :  
     All my goods, and all my hours,  
     All I know, and all I feel !  
     All I think, or ſpeak, or do;  
     Take my heart; but make it new !
- 5 Now, O God, thy own I am :  
     Now I give thee back thy own :  
     Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,  
     Conſecrate to thee alone :  
     Thine I live, thrice happy I !  
     Happier ſtill, if thine I die.

HYMN 216.      [*Lampe's.* S. M.]

- 1 **J**ESU, my truth, my way,  
     My ſure, unerring light,  
     On thee my feeble ſteps I ſtay  
     Which thou wilt guide aright.  
     My wiſdom and my guide,  
     My counſeller thou art :  
     O never let me leave thy ſide,  
     Or from thy paths depart !



IV. § 9. *For Believers Saved.* 203

2 I lift my eyes to thee  
Thou lovely bleeding Lamb !  
That I may now enlighten'd be,  
And never put to shame.  
Never will I remove  
Out of thy hands my cause ;  
But rest in thy redeeming love,  
And hang upon thy cross.

3 Teach me the happy art  
In all things to depend  
On thee ! O never, Lord, depart,  
But love me to the end !  
Still stir me up to strive  
With thee in strength divine :  
And every moment, Lord, revive  
This fainting soul of mine.

4 Persist to save my soul  
Throughout the fiery hour ;  
Till I am every whit made whole,  
And shew forth all thy power.  
Thro' fire and water bring  
Into thy wealthy place ;  
And teach me the new song to sing,  
When perfected in grace !

5 O make me all like thee  
Before I hence remove :  
Settle, confirm, and stablish me,  
And build me up in love.  
Let me thy witness live,  
When sin is all destroy'd ;  
And then my spotless soul receive,  
And take me home to God.

§ 10. *For Believers Interceding*.

HYMN 217. [Angels' Song. L. M.]

- 1 **F**ATHER, if justly still we claim,  
To us and our's the promise made;  
To us be graciously the same,  
And crown with living fire our head.
- 2 Our claim admit, and from above  
Of holiness the Spirit shower;  
Of wise discernment, humble love,  
And zeal, and unity, and power.
- 3 The Spirit of convincing speech,  
Of power demonstrative impart,  
Such as may every conscience reach,  
And sound the unbelieving heart:
- 4 The Spirit of refining fire,  
Searching the inmost of the mind;  
To purge all fierce and foul desire,  
And kindle life more pure and kind:
- 5 The Spirit of faith in this our day,  
To break the power of cancell'd sin;  
Tread down its strength, o'erturn its sway,  
And still the conquest more than win.
- 6 The Spirit breathe of inward life,  
Which in our hearts thy laws may write;  
Then grief expires, and pain, and strife;  
'Tis nature all, and all delight.

HYMN 218. [Angels' Song. L. M.]

- 1 **O**N all the earth thy Spirit shower,  
The earth in righteousness renew:  
Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpower,  
And to thy sceptre all subdue.

IV. § 10. *Believers Interceding.* 205

- 2 Like mighty winds or torrents fierce,  
Let it's opposers all o'er-turn;  
And every law of sin reverse,  
That faith and love may make all one.
- 3 Yea, let thy Spirit in every place  
Its richest energy declare;  
While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,  
The kingdom of thy Christ prepare.
- 4 Grant this, O holy God, and true;  
The antient seers thou didst inspire!  
To us perform the promise due,  
Descend and crown us now with fire!

HYMN 219. [*Snowsfields.* 4-8's. & 2-6's.

*For the King.*

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast bid thy people pray,  
For all that bear the sovereign sway,  
And thy Vicegerent's reign:  
Rulers, and governors, and powers,  
And, lo! in faith we pray for ours,  
Nor can we pray in vain.
- 2 Jesu, thy chosen servant guard,  
And every threatening danger ward  
From his anointed head;  
Bid all his griefs and troubles cease,  
And thro' the paths of heavenly peace,  
To life eternal lead.
- 3 Cover his enemies with shame,  
Defeat their dire malicious aim,  
Their baffled hopes destroy;  
But shower on him thy blessings down:  
Crown him with grace, with glory crown,  
And everlasting joy.

- 4 To hoary hairs be thou his God,  
Late may he reach that high abode,  
Late to his heaven remove:  
Of virtues full, and happy days,  
Accounted worthy by thy grace,  
To fill a throne above.
- 5 And when thou dost his spirit receive,  
O give him, in his offspring, give  
Us back our king again,  
Preserve them, Providence divine,  
And let the long-illustrious line  
To latest ages reign.
- 6 Secure us of his royal race  
A man to stand before thy face,  
And exercise thy power;  
With wealth, prosperity, and peace,  
Our nation and our church to bless,  
Till time shall be no more.

HYMN 220. [*Wednesbury.* C. M.]

FOR PARENTS.

- 1 **G**OD only wise, almighty, good,  
Send forth thy truth and light,  
To point us out the narrow road,  
And guide our steps aright:
- 2 To steer our dangerous course between  
The rocks on either hand!  
And fix us to the golden mean,  
And bring our charge to land.
- 3 Made apt by thy sufficient grace  
To teach as taught by thee,  
We come to train in all thy ways  
Our rising progeny.

- 4 Their selfish will in time subdue,  
And mortify their pride:  
And lend their youth a sacred clew  
To find the Crucified.
- 5 We wou'd in every step look up,  
By thy example taught  
To alarm their fear, excite their hope,  
And rectify their thought:
- 6 We wou'd persuade their hearts t' obey,  
With mildest zeal proceed,  
And never take the harsher way,  
When love will do the deed.
- 7 For this we ask in faith sincere  
The wisdom from above;  
To touch their hearts with filial fear,  
And pure, ingenuous love:
- 8 To watch their will to sense inclin'd,  
With-hold the hurtful food;  
And gently bend their tender mind,  
And draw their souls to God.

HYMN 221. [Invitation. L. M.

*For Masters.*

- 1 **M**ASTER supreme, I look to thee,  
For grace and wisdom from above,  
Vested with thy authority,  
Endue me with thy patient love.
- 2 That, taught according to thy will  
To rule my family aright,  
I may the appointed charge fulfil,  
With all my heart and all my might.

- 3 Inferiors as a sacred trust  
I from the sovereign Lord receive,  
That what is suitable and just,  
Impartial I to all may give.
- 4 O'erlook them with a guardian eye :  
From vice and wickedness restrain :  
Mistakes and lesser faults pass by,  
And govern with a looser rein.
- 5 The servant, faithful and discreet,  
Gentle to him, and good, and mild,  
Him I wou'd tenderly intreat,  
And scarce distinguish from a child.
- 6 Yet, let me not my place forsake,  
The occasion of his stumbling prove :  
The servant to my bosom take,  
And mar him by familiar love.
- 7 Order, if some invert, confound,  
Their Lord's authority betray,  
I hearken to the gospel-sound,  
And trace the providential way.
- 8 As far from abjectness as pride,  
With condescending dignity,  
Jesus, I make thy word my guide,  
And keep the post assigned by thee.
- 9 Oh ! cou'd I emulate the zeal,  
Thou didst to thy poor servants bear !  
The troubles, griefs, and burdens feel  
Of souls entrusted to my care ;
- 10 In daily prayer to God commend  
The souls, whom Christ expir'd to save ;  
And think, how soon my sway may end,  
And all be equal in the grave !

PART V.

§ 1. *For the Society Meeting.*

HYMN 222. [Foundry. 7's.

- 1 **P**EACE be on this house bestow'd,  
Peace on all who here reside;  
Let the unknown peace of God  
With the man of peace abide!  
Let the Spirit now come down,  
Let the blessing now take place!  
Son of peace, receive thy crown,  
Fulness of the gospel-grace.
- 2 Christ, my Master, and my Lord,  
Let me thy forerunner be:  
O, be mindful of thy word;  
Visit them, and visit me!  
To this house and all herein  
Now let thy salvation come;  
Save our souls from in-bred sin:  
Make us thy eternal home!
- 3 Let us never, never rest,  
Till the promise is fulfill'd;  
Till we are of thee possest,  
Pardon'd, sanctified, and seal'd:  
Till we all in love renew'd,  
Find the pearl that Adam lost,  
Temples of the living God,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 223. [Newcastle.

- 1 **A**LL thanks to the Lamb, Who gives  
us to meet;  
His love we proclaim, His praises repeat;

**2** We own him our Jesus, Continually near,  
To pardon, and bless us, And perfect us here.  
**2** In him we have peace, In him we have  
pow'r,  
Preserv'd by his grace thro' out the dark hour;  
In all our temptations He keeps us to prove  
His utmost salvation, His fulness of love.

**3** Thro' pride and desire, Unhurt we have  
gone,  
Thro' water and fire With him we went on:  
The world and the devil Thro' him we  
o'ercame,  
Our Jesus from evil, For ever the same.

**4** O, what shall we do, Our Saviour to love?  
To make us anew, Come, Lord, from above!  
The fruit of thy passion, Thy holiness give!  
Give us the salvation Of all that believe!

**5** Come, Jesus, & loose the stammerer's tongue,  
And teach even us The spiritual song:  
Let us without ceasing, Give thanks for thy  
grace,

And glory & blessing, And honour & praise.

**6** Pronounce the glad word, And bid us be free;  
Ah, hast thou not, Lord, A blessing for me!  
The peace thou hast given, This moment  
impart,

And open thy heaven, O Love, in my heart.

**HYMN 224.** [Islington. L. M.]

**1** **B**ROTHER in Christ and well-beloved,  
To Jesus and his servants dear,  
Enter and shew thyself approv'd:  
Enter and find that God is here.



- 2 'Scap'd from the world, redeem'd from sin,  
By fiends pursu'd, by men abhorr'd,  
Come in, poor fugitive, come in,  
And share the portion of thy Lord.
- 3 Welcome from earth!—lo, the right hand  
Of fellowship to thee we give!  
With open hearts and hands we stand,  
And thee in Jesu's name receive.
- 4 Say, is thy heart resolv'd as our's?  
Then let it burn with sacred love:  
Then let it taste the heavenly pow'rs;  
Partaker of the joys above.
- 5 Jesu, attend, thyself reveal!  
Are we not met in thy great name?  
Thee in the midst we wait to feel,  
We wait to catch the spreading flame.
- 6 Thou, God, that answerest by fire,  
The Spirit of burning now impart:  
And let the flames of pure desire  
Rise from the altar of our heart.
- 7 Truly our fellowship below  
With thee and with the Father is:  
In thee eternal life we know,  
And heaven's unutterable bliss.
- 8 In part we only know thee here,  
But wait thy coming from above:  
And I shall then behold thee near,  
And I shall all be lost in love.

HYMN 225. [Berley. C. M.

- 1 JESU, great Shepherd of the sheep,  
To thee for help we fly:

Thy little flock in safety keep !  
For, O, the wolf is nigh !

2 He comes, of hellish malice full,  
To scatter, tear, and slay :  
He seizes every straggling soul,  
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take,  
And gather with thy arm :  
Unless we first the fold forsake,  
The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel pow'r,  
While by our shepherd's side ;  
The sheep he never can devour,  
Unless he first divide.

5 O, do not suffer him to part  
The souls that here agree !  
But make us of one mind and heart,  
And keep us one in thee.

6 Together let us sweetly live,  
Together let us die ;  
And each a starry crown receive,  
And reign above the sky.

HYMN 226. [*Brockmer's*. C. M.]

1 SEE, Jesu, thy disciples see,  
The promis'd blessing give !  
Met in thy name we look to thee,  
Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,  
Who in thy name are join'd :  
We wait, according to thy word,  
Thee in the midst to find.

V. § 1. *For the Society Meeting.* 213

- 3 With us thou art assembled here ;  
But, O thyself reveal !  
Son of the living God, appear,  
Let us thy presence feel.
- 4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,  
And these dry bones shall live :  
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,  
“ The Holy Ghost receive ! ”
- 5 Whom now we seek, O may we meet,  
Jesus, the crucified ;  
Shew us thy bleeding hands and feet,  
Thou, who for us hast died.
- 6 Cause us the record to receive :  
Speak, and the tokens shew :  
“ Oh ! be not faithless, but believe  
In me, who died for you ! ”

HYMN 227. [*Amsterdam.* 7's & 6's.

- 1 **T**WO are better far than one  
For counsel or for fight :  
How can one be warm alone,  
Or serve his God aright ?  
Join we then our hearts and hands,  
Each to love provoke his friend :  
Run the way of his commands,  
And keep it to the end.
- 2 Woe to him whose spirits droop,  
To him who falls alone !  
He has none to lift him up,  
To help his weakness on :  
Happier we each other keep :  
We each other's burdens bear :  
Never need our footsteps slip :  
Upheld by mutual prayer.

3 Who of twain has made us one,  
 Maintains our unity :  
 Jesus is the corner-stone,  
 In whom we all agree ;  
 Servants of one common Lord,  
 Sweetly of one heart and mind :  
 Who can break a three-fold cord,  
 Or part whom God hath join'd ?

4 O, that all with us might prove  
 The fellowship of saints ;  
 Find supplied in Jesu's love  
 What every member wants !  
 Grasp we our high calling's prize !  
 Feel our sins on earth forgiven !  
 Rise, in his whole image rise,  
 And meet our Head in heaven !

§ 2. *For the Society giving Thanks.*

HYMN 228. [Built.]

**C**OME away to the skies ! my beloved, arise,  
 And rejoice in the day thou wast born ;  
 On this festival day, Come exulting away,  
 And with singing to Sion return !

2 We have laid up our love,  
 And treasure above,  
 Tho' our bodies continue below ;  
 The redeem'd of the Lord,  
 We remember his word,  
 And with singing to paradise go.

3 With singing we praise The original grace,  
 By our heavenly Father bestow'd :  
 Our being receive, From his bounty, and live  
 To the honour and glory of God.

4 For thy glory we are, Created to share  
Both the nature and kingdom divine;  
Created again, That our souls may remain  
In time and eternity thine.

5 With thanks we approve,  
The design of thy love,  
Which hath join'd us in Jesus's name:  
So united in heart, That we never can part,  
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

6 There, there at his feet,  
We shall suddenly meet,  
And be parted in body no more:  
We shall sing to our lyres,  
With the heavenly choirs;  
And our Saviour in glory adore.

7 Hallelujah we sing, To our Father & King,  
And his rapturous praises repeat;  
To the Lamb that was slain,  
Hallelujah again,  
Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet!

8 In assurance of hope, We to Jesus look up,  
Till his banner unfurl'd in the air,  
From our graves we shall see,  
And cry out, "It is he,"  
And fly up to acknowledge him there.

HYMN 229. [*Miss Edwin's. 4-6's. & 2-8's.*]

1 COME all, whoe'er have set  
Your faces Sion-ward,  
In Jesus let us meet,  
And praise our common Lord:  
In Jesus let us still go on,  
Till all appear before his throne.

## 2 Nearer and nearer still

We to our country come;  
To that celestial hill,  
The weary pilgrim's home;  
The New Jerusalem above,  
The seat of everlasting love.

## 3 The ransom'd sons of God,

All earthly things we scorn,  
And to our high abode  
With songs of praise return;  
From strength to strength we still proceed,  
With crowns of joy upon our head.

## 4 The peace and joy of faith

Each moment may we feel:  
Redeem'd from sin and wrath,  
From earth, and death, and hell,  
We to our Father's house repair  
To meet our elder Brother there.

## 5 Our Brother, Saviour, Head,

Our all in all is he;  
And in his steps who tread,  
We soon his face shall see;  
Shall see him with our glorious friends,  
And then in heaven our journey ends.

HYMN 230.

[Derby.]

1 **C**OME let us anew, Our journey pursue,  
With vigour arise,

And press to our permanent place in the skies  
Of heavenly birth, Tho' wand'ring on earth,  
This is not our place,  
But strangers & pilgrims ourselves we confess.

2 At Jesus's call, We gave up our all;  
 And still we forego  
 For Jesus's sake our enjoyments below;  
 No longing we find, For the country behind;  
 But onward we move,  
 And still we are seeking a country above.

3 A country of joy, Without any alloy,  
 We thither repair,  
 Our heart and our treasure already are there.  
 We march hand in hand, To Immanuel's land;  
 No matter what cheer  
 We meet with on earth; for eternity's near!

4 The rougher our way, The shorter our stay;  
 The tempests that rise  
 Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies;  
 The fiercer the blast, The sooner 'tis past;  
 The troubles that come,  
 Shall come to our rescue, & hasten us home.

HYMN 231. [Built.]

1 COME, let us ascend,  
 My companion and friend,  
 To a taste of the banquet above!  
 If thy heart be as mine, If for Jesus it pine,  
 Come up into the chariot of love.

2 Who in Jesus confide, we are bold to outride  
 The storms of affliction beneath!  
 With the prophet we soar  
 To the heavenly shore,  
 And out-fly all the arrows of death.

3 By faith we are come,  
 To our permanent home:  
 By hope we the rapture improve:

- By love we still rise,  
And look down on the skies,  
For the heaven of heavens is love.
- 4 Who on earth can conceive,  
How happy we live  
In the palace of God, the great King?  
What a concert of praise,  
When our Jesus's grace  
The whole heavenly company sing!
- 5 What a rapturous song,  
When the glorified throng  
In the spirit of harmony join;  
Join all the glad choirs,  
Hearts, voices, and lyres;  
And the burden is mercy divine.
- 6 Hallelujah they cry, To the King of the sky,  
To the great everlasting I AM:  
To the Lamb that was slain, And liveth again,  
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb.
- 7 To the Lamb on the throne,  
Lo! he dwells with his own,  
And to rivers of pleasure he leads,  
With his mercy's full blaze,  
With the sight of his face  
Our beatified spirits he feeds.
- 8 Our foreheads proclaim, His ineffable name;  
Our bodies his glory display:  
A day without night, We feast in his sight,  
And eternity seems as a day.

HYMN 231.\* 6-8's.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, all-quickenings fire,  
Come and in me delight to rest:  
Drawn by the lure of strong desire,  
O come, and consecrate my breast;



**V. § 3. For the Society Praying. 219**

The temple of my soul prepare,  
And fix thy sacred presence there.

- 2 If now thy influence I feel,  
If now in thee begin to live,  
Still to my heart thyself reveal:  
Give me thyself, for ever give:  
A point my good, a drop my store,  
Eager I ask, and pant for more.
- 3 My peace, my life, my comfort thou,  
My treasure and my all thou art!  
True witness of my son-ship, now  
Engraving pardon on my heart.  
Seal of my sins thro' Christ forgiven,  
Earnest of love, and pledge of heaven.
- 4 Come then, my God, mark out thine heir,  
Of heaven a larger earnest give!  
With clearer light thy witness bear;  
More sensibly within me live:  
Let all my powers thine entrance feel,  
And deeper stamp thyself the seal!

**§ 3. For the Society Praying.**

**HYMN 232. [Aldrich. C. M.]**

- 1 **C**OME, thou omniscient Son of Man,  
Display thy sifting power:  
Come with thy winnowing Spirit's fan,  
And thoroughly purge thy floor.
- 2 The chaff of sin, the accursed thing  
Far from my soul be driven!  
The wheat into thy garner bring,  
And lay us up for heaven.

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3 Look thro' us with thy eyes of flame !  
The clouds and darkness chase ;  
And tell me what by sin I am,  
And what I am by grace.

4 Whate'er offends thy glorious eyes,  
Far from our hearts remove ;  
As dust before the whirlwind flies,  
Disperse it by thy love.

5 Then let us all thy fulness know,  
From every sin set free :  
Sav'd, to the utmost sav'd below ;  
And perfectly like thee.

HYMN 233. [Wenwo. C. M.

1 **T**RY us, O God, and search the ground  
Of every sinful heart :  
Whate'er of sin in us is found,  
O bid it all depart.

2 When to the right or left we stray,  
Leave us not comfortless :  
But guide our feet into the way  
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,  
Each other's cross to bear ;  
Let each his friendly aid afford,  
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,  
Our little stock t' improve ;  
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,  
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living Head,  
Let us in all things grow,  
Till thou hast made us free indeed,  
And spotless here below.

6 Then, when the mighty work is  
Receive thy ready bride : [wrought,  
Give us in heaven a happy lot,  
With all the sanctified.

HYMN 234. [*Wenvo.* C. M.]

- 1 **J**ESU, united by thy grace,  
And each to each endear'd,  
With confidence we seek thy face,  
And know our prayer is heard.
- 2 Still let us own our common Lord,  
And bear thine easy yoke,  
A band of love, a three-fold cord,  
Which never can be broke.
- 3 Make us into one spirit drink,  
Baptize into thy name :  
And let us always kindly think,  
And sweetly speak the same.
- 4 Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love,  
Let all our hearts agree ;  
And ever towards each other move,  
And ever move towards thee.
- 5 To thee inseparably join'd,  
Let all our spirits cleave ;  
O may we all the loving mind  
That was in thee receive !
- 6 This is the bond of perfectness,  
Thy spotless charity ;

- O let us (still we pray) possess  
The mind that was in thee.
- 7 Grant this, and then from all below  
Insensibly remove:  
Our souls their change shall scarcely  
Made perfect first in love. [know,
- 8 With ease our souls thro' death shall glide  
Into their paradise:  
And then on wings of angels ride  
Triumphant thro' the skies.
- 9 Yet, when the fullest joy is given,  
The same delight we prove,  
In earth, in paradise, in heaven,  
Our all in all is love.

HYMN 235. [*Hamilton's*. 7's. & 6's.

John xiv. 16, 17.

- 1 **F**ATHER of our dying Lord,  
Remember us for good,  
O fulfil his gracious word,  
And hear his speaking blood:  
Give us that for which he prays;  
Father, glorify thy Son!  
Shew his truth, and power, and grace,  
And send the promise down.
- 2 True and faithful Witness, thou,  
O Christ, the Spirit give:  
Hast thou not receiv'd him now,  
That we might now receive?  
Art thou not our living Head?  
Life to all thy limbs impart:  
Shed thy love, thy Spirit shed  
In every waiting heart.

3 Holy Ghost, the Comforter,  
 The gift of Jesus, come :  
 Glows our heart to find thee near ;  
 And swells to make thee room ;  
 Present with us thee we feel ;  
 Come, O come, and in us be ;  
 With us, in us, live and dwell  
 To all eternity.

HYMN 236. [*Hotham*. All 7's.

- 1 **G**OD of love, that hear'st the prayer,  
 Kindly for thy people care ;  
 Who on thee alone depend :  
 Love us, save us to the end !  
 Save us in the prosp'rous hour  
 From the flatt'ring tempter's power :  
 From his unsuspected wiles :  
 From the world's pernicious smiles.
- 2 Cut off our dependance vain  
 On the help of feeble man,  
 Every arm of flesh remove ;  
 Stay us on thy only love !  
 Men of worldly, low design,  
 Let not these thy people join,  
 Poison our simplicity,  
 Drag us from our trust in thee.
- 3 Save us from the great and wise,  
 Till they sink in their own eyes,  
 Tamely to thy yoke submit,  
 Lay their honour at thy feet.  
 Never let the world break in,  
 Fix a mighty gulph between ;  
 Keep us little and unknown,  
 Priz'd and lov'd by God alone.

- 4 Let us still to thee look up,  
Thee, thy Israel's strength and hope,  
Nothing know or seek beside  
Jesus, and him crucified.  
Far above all worldly things,  
Look we down on earthly kings,  
Taste our glorious liberty;  
Find our happy all in thee!

HYMN 237. [*Hotham.* All 7's.

- 1 **J**ESU, Lord, we look to thee,  
Let us in thy Name agree;  
Shew thyself the Prince of Peace;  
Bid our jars for ever cease.  
By thy reconciling love  
Every stumbling-block remove:  
Each to each unite, endear:  
Come, and spread thy banner here,  
Make us of one heart and mind,  
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;  
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,  
Altogether like our Lord.  
Let us each for other care,  
Each the other's burden bear:  
To thy church the pattern give!  
Shew, how true believers live.
- 3 Free from anger and from pride,  
Let us thus in God abide;  
All the depths of love express,  
All the heights of holiness;  
Let us then with joy remove  
To the family above:  
On the wings of angels fly:  
Shew how true believers die.

HYMN 195. [*Mitcham.* 4-6's, & 2-8's.]

- 1    **T**HOU God of truth and love,  
      We seek thy perfect way,  
      Ready thy choice to' approve,  
      Thy providence to' obey,  
Enter into thy wise design,  
And sweetly lose our will in thine.
- 2    Why hast thou cast our lot  
      In the same age and place ?  
      And why together brought  
      To see each other's face ;  
To join with softest sympathy,  
And mix our friendly souls in thee ?
- 3    Didst thou not make us one,  
      That we might one remain,  
      Together travel on,  
      And bear each other's pain,  
Till all thy utmost goodness prove,  
And rise renew'd in perfect love.
- 4    Surely thou didst unite  
      Our kindred spirits here,  
      That all hereafter might  
      Before thy throne appear ;  
Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,  
And all thy glorious love proclaim.
- 5    Then let us ever bear  
      The blessed end in view,  
      And join in mutual care  
      To fight our passage thro' :  
And kindly help each other on,  
Till all receive the starry crown.

6. O may thy Spirit seal  
 Our souls unto that day !  
 With all thy fulness fill,  
 And then transport away ;  
 Away to our eternal rest,  
 Away to our Redeemer's breast !

HYMN 239. [*Ascension.* All 7's.

- 1 **C**HRI<sup>ST</sup>, from whom all blessings flow,  
 Perfecting thy saints below,  
 Hear us, who thy nature share,  
 Who thy mystic body are,  
 Join us, in one spirit join,  
 Let us still receive of thine :  
 Still for more on thee we call,  
 Thou, who fillest all in all !
- 2 Closer knit to thee our Head :  
 Nourish us, O Christ, and feed :  
 Let us daily growth receive,  
 More and more in Jesus live.  
 Jesus we thy members are ;  
 Cherish us with kindest care ;  
 Of thy flesh and of thy bone :  
 Love, for ever love thine own.
- 3 Move, and actuate, and guide ;  
 Divers gifts to each divide :  
 Plac'd according to thy will,  
 Let us all our work fulfil :  
 Never from our office move :  
 Needful to each other prove :  
 Use the grace on each bestow'd,  
 Tempered by the art of God.



- 4 Sweetly may we all agree,  
Touch'd with softest sympathy :  
Kindly for each other care ;  
Every member feel its share.  
Wounded by the grief of one,  
Now let all the members groan ;  
Honour'd, if one member is,  
All partake the common bliss.
- 5 Many are we now and one,  
We who Jesus have put on :  
There is neither bond nor free,  
Male nor female, Lord, in thee !  
Love, like death, hath all destroy'd,  
Rendered all distinctions void :  
Names, and sects, and parties fall !  
Thou, O Christ, art all in all !

HYMN 240. [*Love-Feast.* All 7's.

*The Love-Feast.*

- 1 COME, and let us sweetly join,  
Christ to praise in hymns divine !  
Give we all with one accord  
Glory to our common Lord :  
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise ;  
Sing as in the ancient days :  
Antedate the joys above,  
Celebrate the feast of love.
- 2 Strive we, in affection strive :  
Let the purer flame revive :  
Such as in the martyrs glow'd,  
Dying champions for their God.  
We like them may live and love :  
Call'd we are their joys to prove ;

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Sav'd with them from future wrath;  
Partners of like precious faith.

- 3 Sing we then in Jesu's name,  
Now as yesterday the same,  
One in every time and place,  
Full for all of truth and grace;  
We for Christ our Master stand  
Lights in a benighted land:  
We our dying Lord confess;  
We are Jesu's witnesses.
- 4 Witnesses that Christ hath died;  
We with him are crucified:  
Christ hath burst the bands of death;  
We his quick'ning Spirit breathe.  
Christ is now gone up on high;  
Thither all our wishes fly:  
Sits at God's right-hand above:  
There with him we reign in love.

HYMN 241. [*Foundry.* All 7's.

*Part the Second.*

- 1 **C**OME, thou high and lofty Lord!  
Lowly, meek, incarnate Word!  
Humbly stoop to earth again;  
Come, and visit abject man!  
Jesu, dear expected guest,  
Thou art bidden to the feast:  
For thyself our hearts prepare!  
Come, and sit, and banquet there.
- 2 Jesu, we thy promise claim:  
We are met in thy great name;  
In the midst do thou appear,  
Manifest thy presence here!

Sanctify us, Lord, and bless !  
 Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace :  
 Thou thyself within us move ;  
 Make our feast a feast of love.

3 Let the fruits of grace abound :  
 Let us in thy bowels sound :  
 Faith, and love, and joy increase,  
 Temperance and gentleness :  
 Plant in us thy humble mind,  
 Patient, pitiful, and kind :  
 Meek and lowly let us be,  
 Full of goodness, full of thee.

4 Make us all in thee complete ;  
 Make us all for glory meet ;  
 Meet to' appear before thy sight,  
 Partners with the saints in light.  
 Call, O call us each by name  
 To the marriage of the Lamb,  
 Let us lean upon thy breast,  
 Love be there our endless feast.

HYMN 242. [*Invitation.* L. M.

1 **J**ESUS, from whom all blessings flow  
 Great builder of thy church below :  
 If now thy Spirit moves my breast,  
 Hear and fulfil thine own request.

2 The few that truly call thee Lord,  
 And wait thy sanctifying word ;  
 And thee their utmost Saviour own,  
 Unite, and perfect them in one.

3 O let them all thy mind express,  
 Stand forth thy chosen witnesses ;  
 Thy power unto salvation show,  
 And perfect holiness below.

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- 4 In them let all mankind behold,  
How Christians liv'd in days of old :  
Mighty their envious foes to move,  
A proverb of reproach—and love.
- 5 O might my lot be cast with these,  
The least of Jesu's witnesses !  
O that my Lord wou'd count me meet  
To wash his dear disciples feet !
- 6 This only thing do I require :  
Thou know'st 'tis all my heart's desire,  
Freely what I receive to give,  
The servant of thy church to live.
- 7 After my lowly Lord to go,  
And wait upon thy saints below :  
Enjoy the grace to angels given,  
And serve the royal heirs of heaven.
- 8 Lord, if I now thy drawings feel,  
And ask according to thy will :  
Confirm the prayer, the seal impart,  
And speak the answer to my heart.
- 9 Tell me, or thou shalt never go,  
" Thy prayer is heard, it shall be so."  
The word hath pass'd thy lips, and I  
Shall with thy people live and die.

HYMN 243. [*Musicians. 4-8's. & 2-6's*]

- 1 **EXCEPT** the Lord conduct the plan,  
The best concerted schemes are vain,  
And never can succeed :  
We spend our wretched strength for nought,  
But if our works in thee be wrought,  
They shall be blest indeed.

V. § 3. *For the Society Praying.* 231

- 2 Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire,  
Our souls with this intense desire,  
Thy goodness to proclaim;  
Thy glory if we now intend,  
O let our deed begin and end  
Complete in Jesu's name!
- 3 In Jesu's name behold we meet;  
Far from an evil world retreat,  
And all its frantic ways:  
One only thing resolv'd to know,  
And square our useful lives below  
By reason and by grace.
- 4 Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,  
Not in the dark, monastic cell,  
By vows and grates confin'd;  
Freely to all ourselves we give,  
Constrain'd by Jesu's love, to live  
The servants of mankind.
- 5 Now, Jesu, now thy love impart  
To govern each devoted heart,  
And fit us for thy will!  
Deep founded in the truth of grace,  
Build up thy rising church, and place  
The city on the hill.
- 6 O let our faith and love abound!  
O let our lives to all around  
With purest lustre shine!  
That all around our works may see,  
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,  
The heavenly light divine!

**HYMN 244.** [Mitcham. C. M.]

- 1 **C**OME, let us use the grace divine,  
And all with one accord,

232 *For the Society Parting.* V. § 4.

In a perpetual covenant join  
Ourselves to Christ the Lord :

2 Give up ourselves thro' Jesu's power,  
His name to glorify;  
And promise in this sacred hour,  
For God to live and die.

3 The covenant, we this moment make,  
Be ever kept in mind :  
We will no more our God forsake,  
Or cast his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear,  
Who hears our solemn vow !  
And if thou art well-pleas'd to hear,  
Come down and meet us now !

5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Let all our hearts receive !  
Present with the celestial host,  
The peaceful answer give !

6 To each the covenant-blood apply,  
Which takes our sins away,  
And register our names on high,  
And keep us to that day !

§ 4. *For the Society Parting.*

HYMN 245. [Westminster. C. M.]

1 **B**LEST be the dear uniting love,  
That will not let us part !  
Our bodies may far off remove,  
We still are one in heart.

2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,  
Where he appoints we go ;  
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,  
And shew his praise below.

- 3 O may we ever walk with him,  
And nothing know beside:  
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,  
But Jesus crucified!
- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave  
To his belov'd embrace;  
Expect his fulness to receive,  
And grace to answer grace.
- 5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,  
The same in mind and heart;  
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,  
Nor life, nor death can part.
- 6 But, let us hasten to the day,  
Which shall our flesh restore;  
When death shall all be done away  
And bodies part no more!

HYMN 246. [Cardiff. 4-6's. & 2-8's.

- 1 **J**ESUS, accept the praise,  
That to thy name belongs!  
Matter of all our lays,  
Subject of all our songs:  
Thro' thee we now together came,  
And part exulting in thy name.
- 2 In flesh we part awhile,  
But still in spirit join'd,  
To embrace the happy toil,  
Thou hast to each assign'd:  
And, while we do thy blessed will,  
We bear our heaven about us still.
- 3 O let us thus go on  
In all thy pleasant ways,  
And, arm'd with patience run,  
With joy the appointed race!

Keep us and every seeking soul,  
Till all attain the heavenly goal.

4    There we shall meet again,  
      When all our toils are o'er,  
      And death, and grief, and pain,  
      And parting are no more :  
We shall with all our brethren rise,  
And grasp thee in the flaming skies.

5    O happy, happy day,  
      That calls thy exiles home !  
      The heavens shall pass away ;  
      The earth receive its doom :  
Earth we shall view and heaven destroy'd ;  
And shout above the fiery void !

6    These eyes shall see them fall,  
      Mountains, and stars, and skies :  
      These eyes shall see them all,  
      Out of their ashes rise !  
These lips his praises shall rehearse,  
Whose nod restores the universe !

7    According to his word,  
      His oath to sinners given,  
      We look to see restor'd  
      The ruin'd earth and heaven ;  
In a new world his truth to prove,  
A world of righteousness and love.

8    Then let us wait the sound,  
      That shall our souls release,  
      And labour to be found  
      Of him in spotless peace :  
In perfect holiness renew'd  
Adorn'd with Christ, and meet for God.



HYMN 247. [Fetter-Lane. C. M.]

- 1 **G**OD of all consolation, take  
The glory of thy grace :  
Thy gifts to thee we render back  
In ceaseless songs of praise.
- 2 Thro' thee we now together came  
In singleness of heart ;  
We met, O Jesus, in thy name,  
And in thy name we part.
- 3 We part in body not in mind :  
Our minds continue one :  
And each to each in Jesus join'd,  
We hand in hand go on.
- 4 Subsists as in us all one soul ;  
No power can make us twain :  
And mountains rise, and oceans roll,  
To sever us in vain.
- 5 Present we still in spirit are,  
And intimately nigh ;  
While on the wings of faith and prayer  
We each to other fly.
- 6 In Jesus Christ together we  
In heavenly places sit :  
Cloth'd with the sun, we smile to see  
The moon beneath our feet.
- 7 Our life is hid with Christ in God :  
Our life shall soon appear :  
And shed his glory all abroad  
In all his members here.
- 8 The heavenly treasure now we have  
In a vile house of clay ;

But he shall to the utmost save,  
And keep us to that day,

9 Our souls are in his mighty hand,  
And he shall keep them still :  
And you and I shall surely stand  
With him on Sion's hill !

10 Him eye to eye we there shall see ;  
Our face like his shall shine ;  
O what a glorious company  
When saints and angels join !

11 O what a joyful meeting there !  
In robes of white array'd !  
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,  
And crowns upon our head.

12 Then let us lawfully contend,  
And fight our passage thro' :  
Bear in our faithful minds the end,  
And keep the prize in view.

13 Then let us hasten to the day,  
When all shall be brought home :  
Come, O Redeemer, come away ;  
O Jesus, quickly come !

HYMN 248. [ *Lampe's.* S. M.

1 **A**ND let our bodies part,  
To different climes repair ;  
Inseparably join'd in heart  
The friends of Jesus are !  
Jesus the corner-stone  
Didst first our hearts unite ;  
And still he keeps our spirits one,  
Who walk with him in white.

V. § 4. *For the Society Parting.* 237

2 O let us still proceed  
In Jesu's work below ;  
And, following our triumphant Head,  
To farther conquests go.  
The vineyard of their Lord  
Before his labourers lies ;  
And, lo ! we see the vast reward,  
Which waits us in the skies !

3 O let our heart and mind  
Continually ascend,  
That haven of repose to find,  
Where all our labours end :  
Where all our toils are o'er  
Our suffering and our pain ;  
Who meet on that eternal shore  
Shall never part again.

4 O happy, happy place,  
Where saints and angels meet !  
There we shall see each other's face,  
And all our brethren greet.  
The church of the first-born,  
We shall with them be blest ;  
And crown'd with endless joy, return  
To our eternal rest.

3 With joy we shall behold  
In yonder blest abode  
The patriarchs and prophets old,  
And all the saints of God.  
Abraham and Isaac there,  
And Jacob shall receive  
The followers of their faith and prayer  
Who now in bodies live.

6 We shall our time beneath,  
 Live out in cheerful hope;  
 And fearless pass the vale of death,  
 And gain the mountain-top.  
 To gather home his own  
 God shall his angels send:  
 And bid our bliss, on earth, begun,  
 In deathless triumphs end.

HYMN 249. [Foundry. All 7's.

1 **J**ESUS, soft harmonious name,  
 Every faithful heart's desire!  
 See thy followers, holy Lamb,  
 All at once to thee aspire;  
 Drawn by thy uniting grace,  
 After thee we swiftly run:  
 Hand in hand we seek thy face;  
 Come, and perfect us in one.

2 Mollify our harsher will:  
 Each to each our tempers suit,  
 By thy modulating skill,  
 Heart to heart, as lute to lute:  
 Sweetly on our spirits move!  
 Gently touch the trembling strings,  
 Make the harmony of love,  
 Music for the King of Kings!

3 See the souls that hang on thee:  
 Sever'd tho' in flesh we are,  
 Join'd in spirit all agree;  
 All thy only love declare,  
 Spread thy love to all around;  
 Hark! we now our voices raise!  
 Joyful, consentaneous sound,  
 Sweetest symphony of praise.

4 Jesu's praise be all our song :  
While we Jesu's praise repeat,  
Glide our happy souls along,  
Glide with down upon their feet :  
Far from sorrow, sin, and fear,  
Till we take our seats above,  
Live we all as angels here,  
Only sing, and praise, and love.

HYMN 250. [Wednesbury. C. M.

- 1 **L**IFT up your hearts to things above  
Ye followers of the Lamb ;  
And join with us to praise his love,  
And glorify his name :  
To Jesu's Name give thanks and sing,  
Whose mercies never end :  
Rejoice ! rejoice, the Lord is King !  
The King is now our Friend !
- 2 We for his sake count all things loss,  
On earthly goods look down :  
And joyfully sustain the cross,  
Till we receive the crown ;  
O let us stir each other up,  
Our faith by works 't approve,  
By holy purifying hope,  
And the sweet task of love.
- 3 Love us, tho' far in flesh disjoin'd,  
Ye lovers of the Lamb :  
And ever bear us on your mind,  
Who think and speak the same ;  
You on our minds we ever bear,  
Whoe'er to Jesus bow :  
Stretch out the arm of faith and prayer,  
And, lo ! we reach you now.

- 4 The blessings all on you be shed,  
Which God in Christ imparts;  
We pray the Spirit of our Head  
Into your faithful hearts:  
Mercy and peace your portion be,  
To carnal minds unknown:  
The hidden manna, and the tree  
Of life, and the white stone.
- 5 Let all who for the promise wait,  
The Holy Ghost receive:  
And rais'd to your unsinching state  
With God in Eden live:  
Live till the Lord in glory come,  
And wait his heaven to share!  
He now is fitting up your home!  
Go on! we'll meet you there.

HYMN 251. [Mitcham. C. M.

- 1 COME, let us join our friends above  
That have obtain'd the prize,  
And on the eagle-wings of love  
To joy celestial rise;  
Let all the saints terrestrial sing  
With those to glory gone:  
For all the servants of our King  
In earth and heaven are one.
- 2 One family we dwell in him,  
One church above, beneath,  
Tho' now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death:  
One army of the living God,  
To his command we bow;  
Part of his host hath cross'd the flood,  
And part are crossing now.

- 3 Ten thousand to their endless home  
 This solemn moment fly :  
 And we are to the margin come,  
 And we expect to die :  
 His militant, embodied host  
 With wishful looks we stand,  
 And long to see that happy coast,  
 And reach the heavenly land.
- 4 Our old companions in distress  
 We haste again to see,  
 And eager long for our release  
 And full felicity :  
 Even now by faith we join our hands  
 With those that went before,  
 And greet the blood besprinkled bands  
 On the eternal shore.
- 5 Our spirits too shall quickly join,  
 Like theirs, with glory crown'd,  
 And shout to see our Captain's sign,  
 To hear his trumpet sound :  
 O that we now might grasp our guide !  
 O that the word were given !  
 Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,  
 And land us all in heaven !

HYMN 252. [Brockmer's. C. M.

- 1 **H**OW happy every child of grace,  
 Who knows his sins forgiven !  
 This earth, he cries, is not my place,  
 I seek my place in heaven :  
 A country far from mortal sight  
 Even now by faith I see

The land of rest, the saints delight,  
The heaven prepar'd for me.

2 A stranger in the world below,  
I calmly sojourn here,  
Nor can its happiness or woe  
Provoke my hope or fear:  
Its evils in a moment end,  
Its joys as soon are past;  
But, O! the bliss to which I tend  
Eternally shall last.

3 To that Jerusalem above  
With singing I repair,  
While in the flesh, my hope and love,  
My heart and soul are there:  
There my exalted Saviour stands,  
My merciful High-Priest,  
And still extends his wounded hands  
To take me to his breast.

4 What is there here to court my stay,  
To hold me back from home,  
While angels beckon me away,  
And Jesus bids me come?  
Shall I regret my parted friends,  
Still in the vale confin'd?  
Nay, but whene'er my soul ascends,  
They will not stay behind.

HYMN 253. [Brockmer. C. M.

PART THE SECOND.

1 **T**HE race we all are running now,  
And if I first attain,  
They too their willing heads shall bow,  
They too the prize shall gain:



Now on the brink of death we stand,  
 And if I pass before,  
 They all shall soon escape to land,  
 And hail me on the shore.

- 2 Then let me suddenly remove,  
 That hidden life to share ;  
 I shall not lose my friends above,  
 But more enjoy them there.  
 There we in Jesu's praise shall join,  
 His boundless love proclaim,  
 And solemnize in songs divine  
 The marriage of the Lamb.
- 3 O what a blessed hope is ours !  
 While here on earth we stay,  
 We more than taste the heavenly powers,  
 And antedate that day :  
 We feel the resurrection near,  
 Our life in Christ conceal'd,  
 And with his glorious presence here  
 Our earthen vessels fill'd.
- 4 O wou'd he more of heaven bestow,  
 And let the vessel break,  
 And let our ransom'd spirits go  
 To grasp the God we seek :  
 In rapturous awe on him to gaze,  
 Who bought the sight for me,  
 And shout and wonder at his grace  
 Thro' all eternity.

HYMN 254. [Triumph.

**Y**E heavens rejoice, In Jesus's grace,  
 Let earth make a noise, & echo his praise,

Our all-loving Saviour, Hath pacified God,  
And paid for his favor, The price of his blood.

2 Ye mountains and vales, In praises abound,  
Ye hills and ye dales, Continue the sound;  
Break forth into singing, Ye trees of the wood  
For Jesus is bringing Lost sinners to God.

3 Atonement he made for every one;  
The debt he hath paid, the work he hath done;  
Shout all the creation, Below and above,  
Ascribing salvation, To Jesus's love.

4 His mercy hath brought, Salvation to all,  
Who take it unbought, he frees them from  
thrall;

Throughout the believer, His glory displays,  
And perfects for ever, The vessels of grace.

HYMN 255. [*Musician's. 4-6's & 2-8's.*]

1 **T**HOU God of harmony and love,  
Whose name transports the saints above  
And lulls the ravish'd spheres:  
On thee in feeble strains I call,  
And mix my humble voice with all  
The heavenly choristers.

2 If well I know the tuneful art,  
To captivate a human heart,  
The glory, Lord, be thine:  
A servant of thy blessed will,  
I here, devote my utmost skill,  
To sound the praise divine.

3 With Tubal's wretched sons no more,  
I prostitute my sacred power,  
To please the fiends beneath;

Or modulate the wanton lay,  
Or smooth with musick's hand the way  
To everlasting death.

4 Suffice for this the season past;  
I come, great God, to learn at last  
The lesson of thy grace;  
Teach me the new, the gospel song,  
And let my heart, my hand, my tongue,  
Move only to thy praise.

5 Thine own musician, Lord, inspire,  
And let my consecrated lyre  
Repeat the Psalmist's part:  
His Son, and thine, reveal in me,  
And fill with sacred melody  
The fibres of my heart.

6 So shall I charm the listening throng,  
And draw the living stones along,  
By Jesu's tuneful name:  
The living stones shall dance, shall rise,  
And form a city in the skies,  
The New Jerusalem!

HYMN 256. [*Musician's. 4-6's. & 2-8's.*]

PART THE SECOND.

1 **O** Might I with thy saints aspire,  
The meanest of that dazzling choir  
Who chant thy praise above;  
Mixt with the bright musician-band,  
May I a heavenly harper stand,  
And sing the song of love.

- 2 What ecstasy of bliss is there,  
 While all the angelic concert share,  
 And drink the floating joys!  
 What more than ecstasy, when all  
 Struck to the golden pavement fall  
 At Jesu's glorious voice!
- 3 Jesus! the heaven of heavens he is,  
 The soul of harmony and bliss!  
 And while on him we gaze,  
 And while his glorious voice we hear,  
 Our spirits are all eye, all ear;  
 And silence speaks his praise.
- 4 O might I die that awe to prove,  
 That prostrate awe which dares not move  
 Before the great Three-One!  
 To shout by turns the bursting joy,  
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**FINIS.**

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